

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

TOBER



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**THE
DANGERS
OF
STARDOM**

See page 14

**THE HEADACHES AND HEARTACHES OF CAPT'N HENRY, FRANK
ARKER, JOE COOK, DICK LIEBERT, GRAHAM McNAMEE**

PAUL WHITEMAN solves a mystery and gives a clue to finer radio music

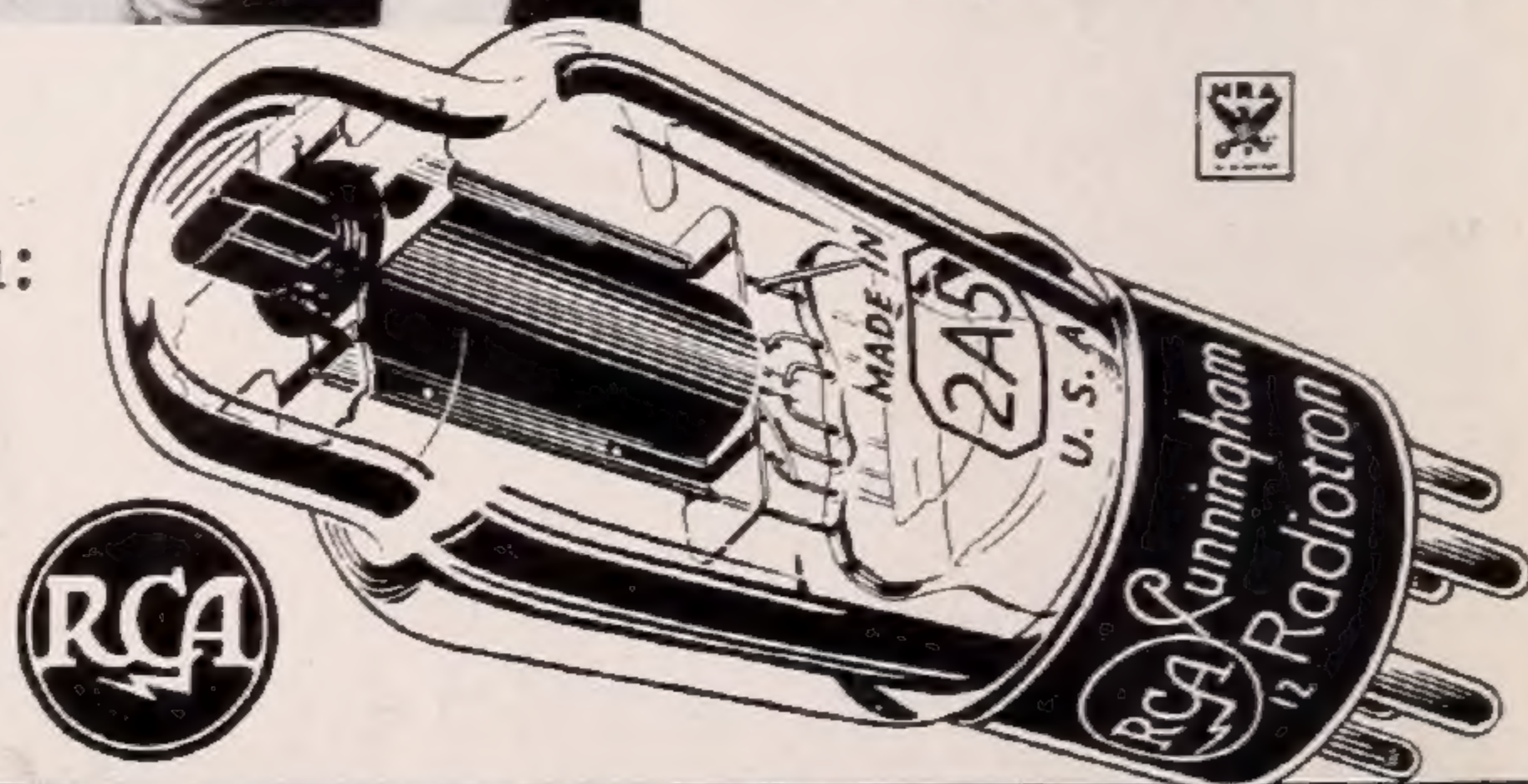


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Cunningham Radiotron





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LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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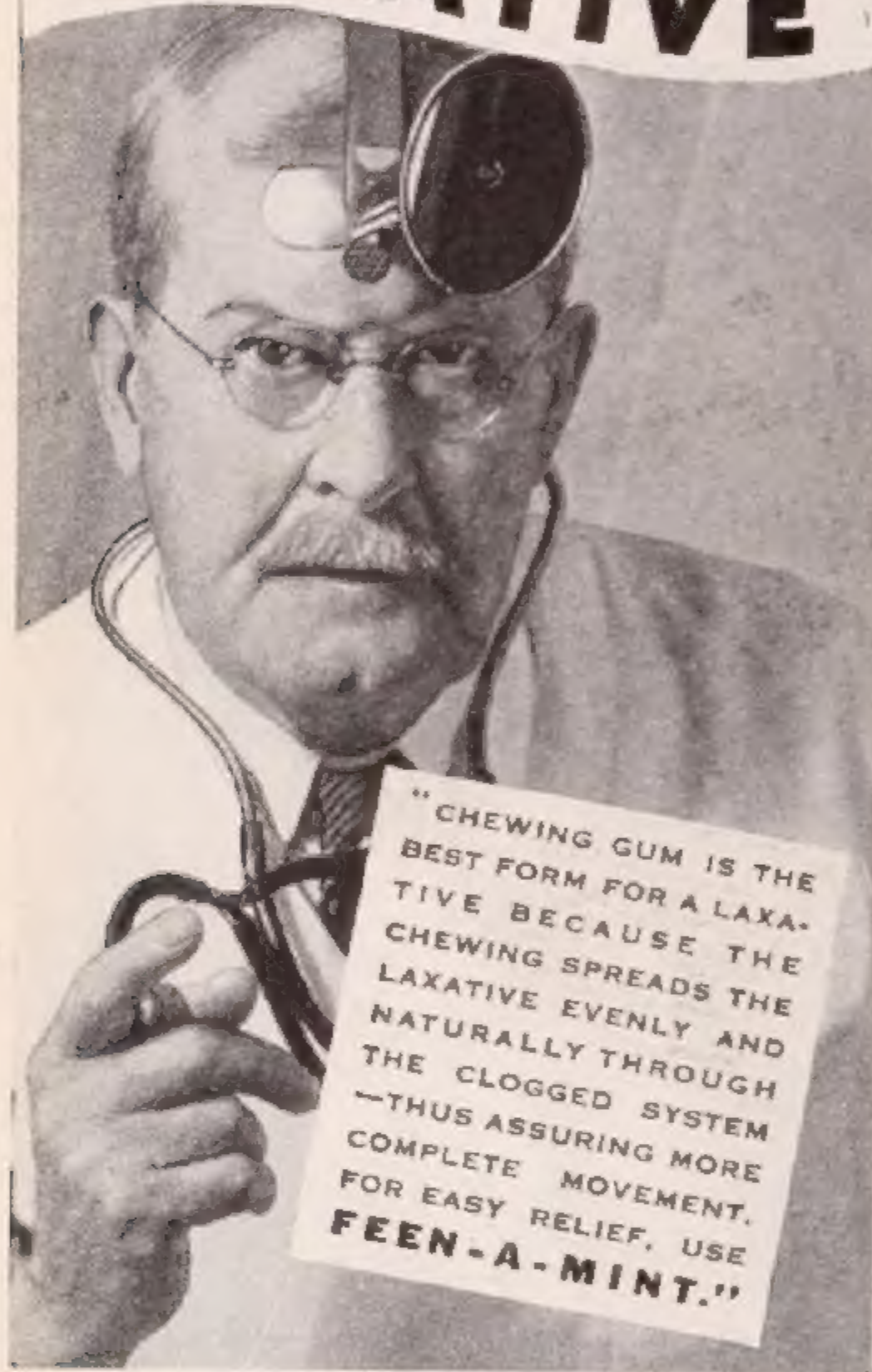
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for effective
relief from
Constipation

**CHEW
YOUR
LAXATIVE**



Headaches—dizzy spells—sleeplessness—these are often caused by constipation. If constipation troubles you relieve it with FEEN-A-MINT.

FEEN-A-MINT is a thoroughly effective laxative in chewing-gum form. It works better because when you chew it the laxative is spread smoothly and evenly right down to where it does its work. That's why over 15 million people already know about and use FEEN-A-MINT. It's pleasant to take, too—a great point, especially in caring for children.

Whenever you suffer from constipation take the doctor's advice—chew FEEN-A-MINT. It's inexpensive, too, 15¢ and 25¢ at your drug store.

MAMA SAYS IT'S
MEDICINE, BUT IT'S
JUST LIKE THE NICEST
CHEWING GUM
I EVER TASTED.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Why does the Smart Woman use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS?



... BECAUSE SCIENTIFIC TESTS HAVE PROVEN
THEM EQUAL TO \$1 TO \$3 BRANDS IN QUALITY
AND PURITY — YET THEY COST ONLY 10¢!

THERE isn't a law in the land that prevents you from paying \$1 to \$3 for your beauty aids, if you wish. But common sense dictates that if you can buy similar quality and purity for 10¢ — that is the smart thing to do.

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FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS
ARE 10¢ EACH

exquisite fineness is proven by the following report from a famous Research Laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

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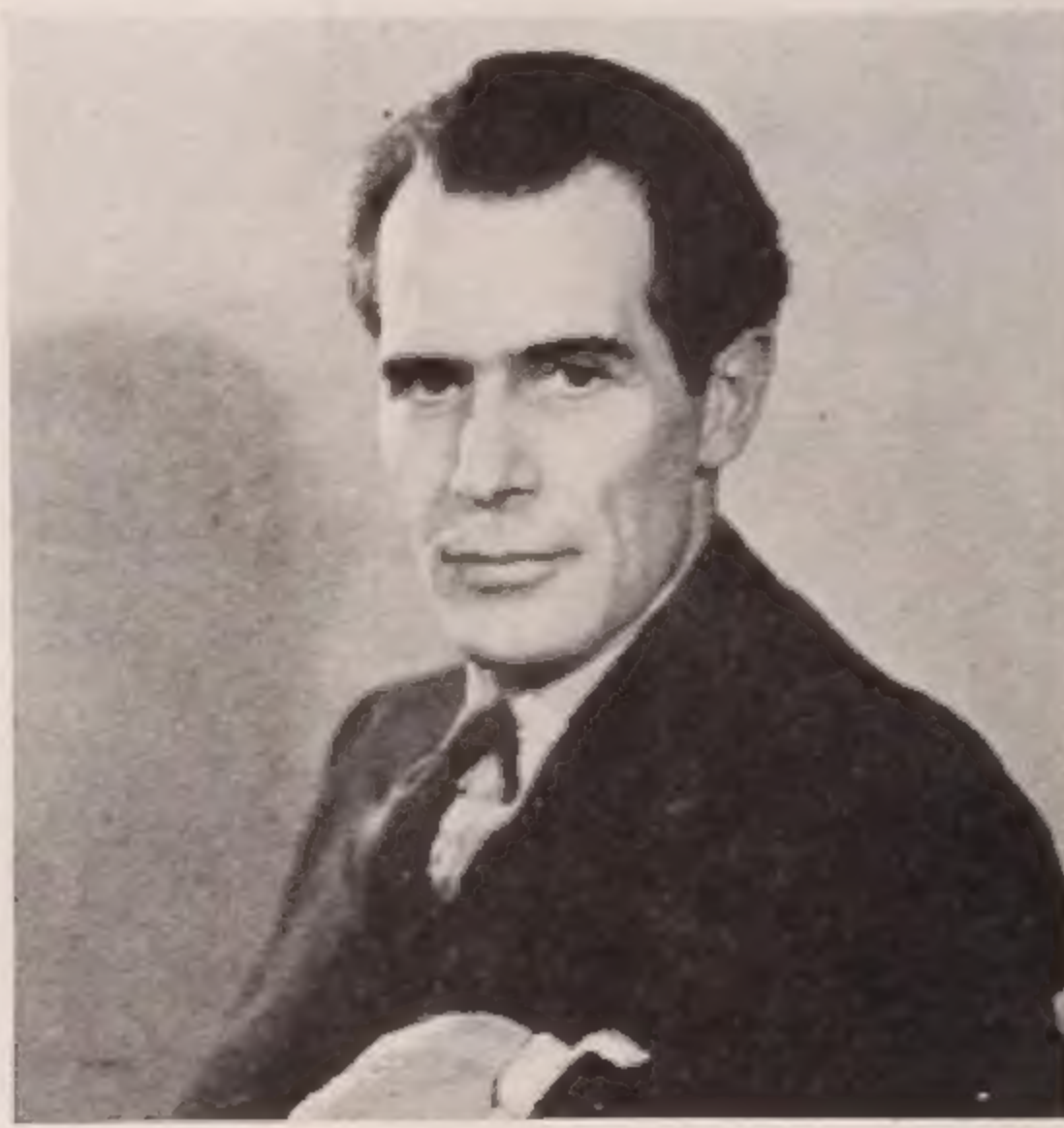
Martin A. Gosch
Courier Post, Camden, N. J.

Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Gladys Swarthout, star of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre.



John Barclay, male lead in the show which ranks first this month.



THE MONTH'S LEADERS

Here are the five hit shows of radio as voted upon by our Board of Review. They all received 4-star ratings, but their fractional averages place them at the top.

1. The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre (NBC).
2. The Fleischmann Hour with Rudy Vallee (NBC).
3. Ipana and Sal-Hepatica program with Fred Allen (NBC).

4. General Tire program with Jack Benny (NBC).
5. (The following programs tied for fifth place.)
 - (a) The Maxwell House Show Boat (NBC).
 - (b) One Man's Family (NBC).
 - (c) Kraft-Phenix Hour with Paul Whiteman and Al Jolson (NBC).
 - (d) The Colgate House Party (NBC).

★★★★★ Excellent
★★★★ Good
★★★ Fair
★★ Poor
★ Not Recommended

★★★★ PALMOLIVE SHOW WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND JOHN BARCLAY (NBC).

★★★★ FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE (NBC).

★★★★ TOWN HALL TONIGHT WITH FRED ALLEN AND LENNIE HAYTON (NBC).

★★★★ GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM WITH JACK BENNY, MARY LIVINGSTON, FRANK PARKER AND JIMMY GRIER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ CAP'N HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).

★★★★ ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).

★★★★ KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM WITH PAUL WHITEMAN AND COMPANY AND AL JOLSON (NBC).

★★★★ COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH DONALD NOVIS, FRANCES LANGFORD AND JOE COOK (NBC).

★★★★ FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING (CBS).

★★★★ DETROIT SYMPHONY (CBS).

★★★★ CAREFREE CARNIVAL (NBC).

★★★★ THE FIRESTONE PROGRAM WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT (NBC).

★★★★ "IN THE MODERN MANNER" WITH JOHNNY GREEN (CBS).

★★★★ WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE WITH JAMES MELTON AND GUESTS (CBS).

★★★★ BROADWAY MELODIES WITH EVERETT MARSHALL AND ELIZABETH LENNOX (CBS).

★★★★ HALL OF FAME (NBC).

★★★★ SCHLITZ BEER WITH STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD, EVERETT MARSHALL, VICTOR YOUNG'S ORCHESTRA AND THE EIGHT GENTLEMEN FROM MILWAUKEE (CBS).

★★★★ GULF PROGRAM FROM EUROPE (NBC).

★★★★ A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK (NBC).

★★★ AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN (NBC).

★★★ ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).

★★★ PHILCO NEWS COMMENTATOR—BOAKE CARTER (CBS).

★★★ CHASE AND SANBORN COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND DURANTE (NBC).

★★★ CITIES SERVICE WITH OLGA ALBANI (NBC).

★★★ FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHARLES HUGHES (NBC).

★★★ PHILLIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN (NBC).

★★★ CUTEX PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC).

★★★ EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).

★★★ LADY ESTHER SERENADE WITH WAYNE KING (NBC) (CBS).

★★★ REAL SILK WITH CHARLES PREVIN (NBC).

★★★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (NBC).

★★★ YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBER (NBC).

★★★ SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).

★★★ LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).

★★★ ACCORDIANA WITH ABE LYMAN AND VIVIENNE SEGAL (CBS).

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE RANKS FIRST IN MONTH'S REVIEW

YOU" . . . By Dora Albert



Now, Jimmy Durante—he'd never hurt nobody, would our Jimmy. Yet a poet of modern hexameters claims Schnozzle's gone and put his bee-u-teeful words of art to ill use.



This is the lady referred to on the left—the petite Madame Sylvia. This is the lady who might have her bank-roll sliced for annoying that lady on the left, Ginger Rogers.

against than suing. Take the case of the royal prince who was said to be a Russian spy. Maybe you'll recognize the name, Prince Matchabelli. He's famous for his perfumes.

Walter Winchell was the lad who put his foot into it that time. Most people think that Walter is careful to stay within the law and he has never been sued. And in a way they're right, for he has been sued only once for an item published in his column. And the only time he was sued for anything he said over the radio was this Matchabelli case.

THAT turned out to be a comedy of errors. On November 18, 1931, the *New York Mirror* published a story stating that Federal agents were looking into the activities of Prince Matchabelli. It further said that the Prince was not one of the eight native princes of Georgia in the Caucasus, and that he was suspected of being an agent of the Russian secret police.

The next day Walter Winchell mentioned over the radio something about Prince Matchabelli's activities. As a result, Prince Georges Matchabelli, his wife Princess Norine, and the Prince Matchabelli Perfumery Company launched suits against Walter Winchell, the American Tobacco Company, his sponsor, and the National Broadcasting Company. Their lawyer claimed that Winchell had called the Prince one of the world's most glamorous

masqueraders, a self-styled royalist and supreme agent of the Russian Cheka. And that he had described the perfume business as a racket.

The lawyer announced that an investigation was being made to determine how many people had heard Winchell's broadcast. When he found out he said he'd demand a dollar a head for each listener. This scheme proving slightly impractical, he decided to sue instead for the nice, flat sum of \$500,000.

Here's where the comedy of errors came in. Walter Winchell keeps a copy of every speech he ever makes over the radio. He proved to the astonished Prince and the astonished Prince's lawyer that he had defended, not attacked, Prince Matchabelli over the radio. What he had said was that he didn't believe the story in the *Mirror* was true, because Prince Matchabelli was so closely related to the Czar's family in Russia that it was impossible for him to be acting as a spy. When Prince Matchabelli heard that, he settled his suit with the *Mirror* out of court and dropped the suit against Walter Winchell.

NOT all lawsuits, of course, end so happily for all the parties concerned. Robert Gordon Duncan, of Portland, Oregon, had a habit of speaking his mind over the radio. He was the chap who called one man a "doggoned thieving, lying, plundering, (Continued on page 80)

GUYS AND GALS WHO PAY WHETHER THEY'RE GUILTY OR NOT?



Rotofotos

Irving Berlin, right, writes the songs. Frank Parker, radio tenor, sings them.

**WHY? BECAUSE HE CAN-
NOT FORGET THE GIRL
WHO LOVED HIM YET
MARRIED ANOTHER**

FRANK PARKER has fooled you! Yes, he has. For in spite of his matinee-idol smile, his slumbrous eyes, his appealing love songs which are enough to make any girl melt, and his swash-buckling manner, *Frank Parker at the age of twenty-seven is through with love!*

Now wait a minute before you accuse this handsome young tenor of NBC's Friday night General Tire program of adopting a mock cynicism and adolescent bitterness. I happen to know that Frank really means it when he says, "I don't believe there is such a thing as real love." There's a reason for it. And when I tell you the whole unhappy story of his first serious encounter with love and its disillusioned end, you'll understand too.

Unfortunately, he never can forget the girl. She is tied up with his singing—is an integral part of his career, in fact. For you see, if it hadn't been for her there would be no Frank Parker, radio star, for he never wanted to sing. But the girl changed his mind.

It seems strange to think that he should ever have hated his voice. The reason for it dates back to his early childhood days.

Frank was born of a large, jovial Italian family on New York's shabby lower east side. Life was a bitter struggle

He's through With Love



Rotofotos

Here's the tenor at work with Frank Black at the piano. Just a couple of Franks.

for the brood, and early in life all the little Parkers had to find some way to earn pennies for shoes. It was the Sunday school teacher who first discovered that Frank could sing, and placed him in the choir.

The sheer beauty and clearness of his voice made it stand out from the others.

"Just like a girl," gushed one enthusiastic church member. Frank caught the sly wink of one of his fellow-choristers and he knew he was in for it. That evening when he left the church, a pack of young rowdies was waiting outside, grinning, for him.

"Sissy" . . . "Sissy!" . . . "Sings like a gir-rul," they jeered.

HE rushed home, red and miserable.

"I'm not going to sing any more," he announced hotly to the family that night. "I hate it!"

All the coaxing in the world couldn't make him change his mind. You know how a childhood jibe will nestle in the memory and assume exaggerated proportions. So it was with Frank. The cruel, childish taunts of his playmates had struck deep. Bang! went all plans for his singing career.

Somewhere in his makeup there must have been a dash

**By Helen
Hover**

Parker is more than a singer. He's one of radio's most handsome young artists.



Jackson

of Bohemian. You can guess it from his happy-go-lucky manner. At any rate, Frank hung around New York's colorful Greenwich Village, melting pot of artists and unconventional. Soon the stage bug hit him. It just had to happen. He got a job as chorus man in the "Greenwich Village Follies." But no singing, mind you. That was still a sore spot with him.

FRANK promptly fell in love with the young prima donna of the show. He never expected anything to come of it for he was just one of the boys who served as a background while she stood in the center of the stage bathed in a flood of lights. But he made up his mind that he was going to walk right over to her some day and ask her out to dinner.

There's something about Frank that makes him almost irresistible to women. Perhaps it's because of his lithe, young build. Because of his boyish, handsome features. Because of his charming, irresponsible nature. His curly hair never lies so flat that a woman couldn't smooth it down. His tie never lies so perfectly that a woman couldn't fuss with it. I tell you all of this so that you may understand how perfectly natural it was for the star of the show to throw all pride to the winds and accept an invita-

tion to dinner from this chorus boy.

FRANK discovered that this leading lady wasn't a haughty, temperamental star. She was only a year or two older than he, but her driving ambition had already sailed her to the top. She was all wrapped up in her work, and as she spoke about the stage and about singing, her eyes sparkled with animation. Frank had never come across a girl like her. When he left her that evening his heart was as light as a balloon. He was in love. And how he was in love!

Life suddenly was different—dinner every night with her. They talked endlessly of careers. Then one day he poured out the story of the childish humiliation that had made him detest his voice.

"I knew you could sing," she breathed. "I'm sure you're a fine singer. Go back to it."

After the show, she would sit down at the piano and Frank stood beside her, his lyric tenor soaring lightly and vibrantly to the dustiest corners of the theatre. They were two dark shadows on the dimly-lit stage, all alone. Frank's career, his whole future was in the making. He was going to be a singer. She was seeing to that.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if (Continued on page 77)

The GIBSON FAMILY



Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a *pure* soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.



"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins.

Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE



"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES

Birthday Greetings

Two years ago a red-faced infant named RADIO STARS Magazine was born. Twenty-four tempestuous months ago we pinned up our editorial diapers, took off our baby bonnet, and tossed it into the ring.

That ring, by the way, was empty until we entered it. Radio's thunderbolts had circled the globe and its voice had reached the poles, but no magazines had been born to paint for listeners the picture behind broadcasting. Then we came along.

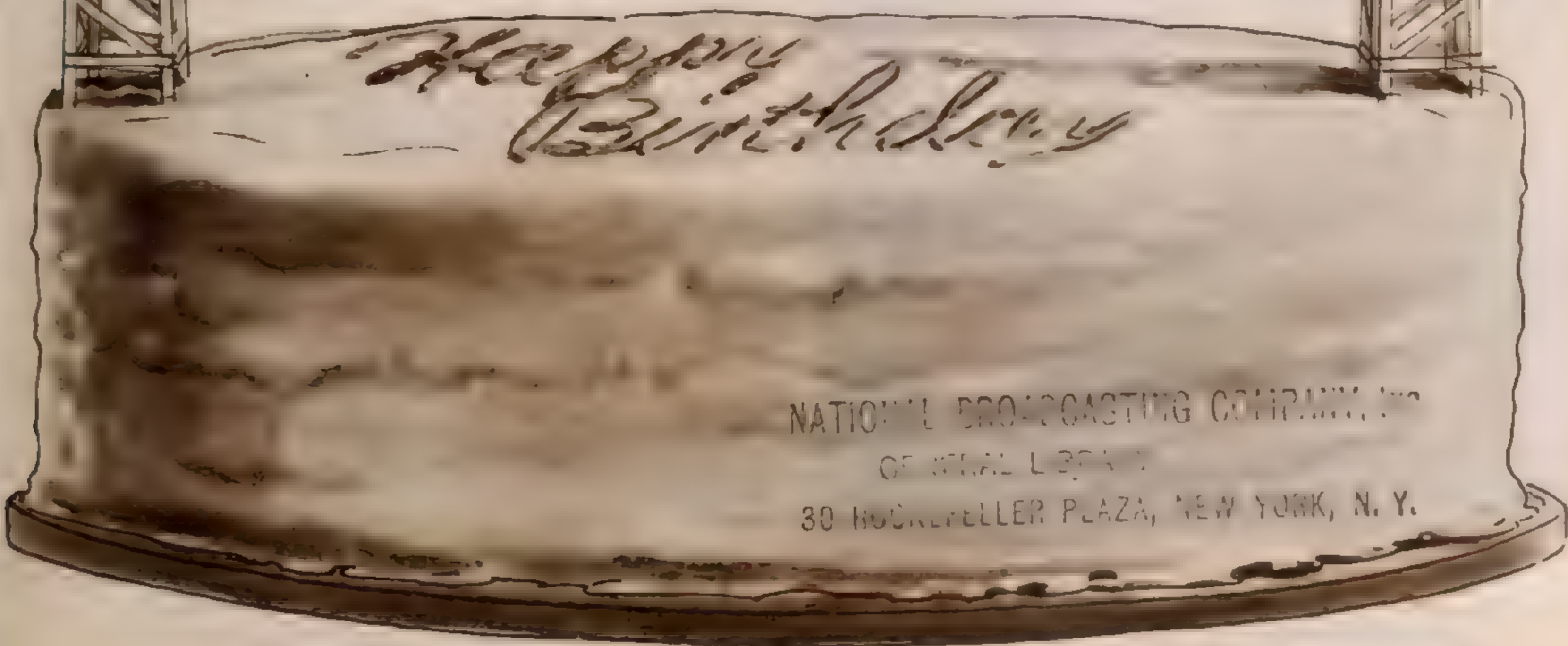
And look what happened!

From where we sit, we can see radio magazines to the right of us and radio magazines to the left of us . . . but we cannot see any radio magazines ahead of us. Which is an unsubtle way of saying there isn't any radio magazine ahead of RADIO STARS.

For two years we have watched and reported the shennanigans of broadcastland. We've seen Radio City built and heard Byrd at the South Pole and listened to the musical surrender of the snooty Metropolitan Opera and Leopold Stokowski to the lure of cigarette money. We have dialed President Roosevelt in and Chancellor Hitler out and Singin' Sam under. And we have called it progress.

Now, at the end of our two-year parade down Radio Row, we find it more fascinating than ever. Behind each mike there lurks an unsuspected drama. For every baton that beats the tempo of our marching months there is a tale of heartbreak or hunger or triumph.

With finer pictures and brighter news and more abundant servings of the glamor that enwraps this great business of broadcasting, we stride into our Year 0003. It is our sincere wish that we may be of service to the hosts of folk who are radio's friends and listeners. And who, we hope, will become our friends and readers.



NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.
CENTRAL LEBANON
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Wide World

Mrs. Roosevelt pauses to autograph colonial furniture made by Hyde Park Community Craftsmen.

Mrs.

DOES MRS. ROOSEVELT SEEK PUBLICITY, OR IS IT AN HONEST INTEREST IN HER FELLOW CITIZEN THAT KEEPS HER IN THE LIMELIGHT? ONE WHO KNOWS TELLS YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT HER

**by
George Kent**

UNCLE Ted's favorite niece has grown into a remarkable woman. Probably the hardest working woman in America today. And one of the most intelligent and most human. Certainly, one of the most loveable. If you don't like her—you just don't know her. We are discussing, as you have guessed, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, whose father was Theodore Roosevelt's brother; whose husband is the President.

The first Roosevelt to live in the White House was "Teddy" and he got himself the name, "trust buster." Franklin Delano Roosevelt will go down in history as the "depression buster." And his wife, a Roosevelt by blood and by marriage, will be remembered among First Ladies as the "*precedent buster*." In her desire to help the President and live a simple, unpretentious life without frills or flu-flu, she has cut the red-tape formalities and gone her own plain, hard-working way.

Her way has shocked the moss-heads and the hard-shells, the folk who think that a President's wife is a piece of Dresden china, or at best a sweet old gal whose business it is to stay at home thinking sweet, old fashioned thoughts and pouring pale tea for pompous diplomats. But there's red blood in them thar Roosevelts. She refused to sit around and be a glorified White House doll.

This she made clear to everybody when shortly after the inauguration she piled into her blue roadster—alone! She shooed away the guards. They retreated to her New York residence. She shooed them from that place, too.

P R E S I D E N T



Wide World

The First Lady was the principal speaker at a conference in the City of New York, held at the Hotel Roosevelt.



Wide World

Attired as she often appeared at formal affairs. The gown is cut in a deep V at the back and has a long train.

She neither wanted nor liked the idea of armed protectors, so she dispensed with them. Simply, without emotion, regardless of precedent. And that—was the beginning.

Washington shuddered when she climbed into an airplane. A President's wife in an airplane, my, my! She not only rode in them, but insisted on paying her fare, every time, the same as any other passenger. When the line held up a plane for her, when she was late in arriving at the field, she almost wept with gratitude. She didn't and doesn't realize the privileges that go with being a President's wife. One trip took her as far as Porto Rico, another to California. Altogether she has flown more than 14,000 miles. Of course she rides in trains, too. She is always going somewhere, to a definite destination on a definite mission. In fact she travels so much that Emma Bugbee, the Washington correspondent, has called her *America's most traveled woman*. In the year and a half as First Lady she has clocked by train, plane and motor well over 60,000 miles.

ADD to that please, a few thousand miles on foot. In New York she goes about shopping and attending meetings of the various organizations in which she is interested, without conveyance of any kind. Visiting her friend Nancy Cook in Massena, New York, not long ago, she was seen frequently on the street laden with paper bags from which groceries peeped. And taxi drivers in New York have gotten over the excitement of being

hailed by the President's wife, its such a usual occurrence.

Where and why has she traveled so much, you ask, not without irritation? She has gone down to West Virginia to the coal mines and into the villages that surround them, to Warm Springs, to Albany, to the Virgin Islands, to conferences here, there and everywhere. To flower shows and dog shows and ship launchings and banquets. Why? Because she is interested. Long before F. D. came to the White House she was interested in a score of organizations and their ideas—educational, peace, social welfare, cultural groups and she sees no reason to quit her work now, simply because the family has moved to Washington.

Just to give you an example: Eight or nine years ago, she and a couple of friends had ideas about how kids should be educated. Instead of talking, they went out and bought the Todhunter School, a fashionable school attended by children of the upper middle-class. Mrs. Roosevelt at once put these infants of the rich over the jumps and showed them that life wasn't all satin. She took them to Ellis Island where the immigrants come in, showed them a prison, a magistrate's court, a police lineup—and they learned. Up to the day before the election this indefatigable lady, endowed with wealth and social position, shuttled back and forth between Albany and the school in New York. The round trip alone on the train takes about seven hours and, without compulsion or publicity, she did this twice every week for almost eight years. The school goes on (Continued on page 99)

KEEP THE

Air

CLEAN



Wide World

DR. JAMES E. WEST

Every so often a stink blows through my loudspeaker into my parlor. It is the odor that comes when a comedian spins an off-color yarn. It is the odor that comes when a singer croons the vulgar words of certain popular tunes.

Admittedly, these slips are not the fault of our broadcasting networks. Both the NBC and CBS do their utmost to guard our parlors from filth. Many, many times they have been criticized for banning certain lines and certain songs. In my opinion, they deserve our unreserved thanks.

Despite their vigilance, some performers do slip over forbidden gags. It is so easy. You are standing before a mike, a million ears or more listening. The joke that shocks gets a quick laugh. You say it before anyone can stop you. It is a temptation too great for some.

Let those few remember this: Radio broadcasting is a visitor in our parlors. Sometimes it shares our bedroom, or travels with us in our cars. We cherish those visitors only who have the good taste to consider our wishes. We like our visitors least when they forget to be ladies or gentlemen.

Let's keep the air clean.

THE EDITOR.



Wide World

MRS. FREDERICK EDEY



Wide World

DR. GEORGE DREW EGBERT

SHOULD JOKES BE UNTAINTED? SONG LYRICS CLEAN? PLAYS TONED DOWN? SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE GIVE THEIR VIEWS

RAY LYMAN WILBUR, President, Leland Stanford University, Former Secretary of the Interior, says:

"When a child picks up a newspaper, he turns almost at once to the funny pages. That is the children's place in the newspaper. But except at certain hours there is no continuing program for children in radio.

"Children turn the dials and listen to adult programs, much in the same way as they listen to adult conversation. Most of it they do not understand. Words, sentences, anecdotes make an impression, sometimes deep, sometimes an influence for the good, often for the bad.

"The programs now being given children are not all that can be desired. Educators should be consulted before these breath-taking thrillers, which are broadcast for children, are permitted to go out. Considerable fault has been found with them. Inquiry will show that they are quite definitely not the type of story to be told to children before their bedtime, because they produce uneasy sleep.

"Eventually, however, we are going to develop—by co-operation between educators and broadcasters—a program of high quality incapable of harming the most delicate sensibility. But nothing namby-pamby. All subjects will have their hour. They simply will not be given vulgarly. Parents, health and educational authorities are for this, that is why it is inevitable."

JOHN S. SUMNER, Executive Secretary, Society for the Suppression of Vice, says:

"I listen to the radio a great deal and, by and large, I find very little to find fault with. The radio companies are doing a pretty good job. Occasionally, there is vulgarity and words and jokes with double-meanings that are heard, but these form so minute a part of the whole that no serious objection can be found.

"Naturally, this Society is on the alert for any trespassing of standards of morality and although in the past we have found much to criticize in the movies and the stage we have yet to find any serious ground for criticism in radio programs."

DR. WILL H. HOUGHTON, Pastor, Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, says:

"The radio, like a newspaper, must take account of every side of the individual's personality. It must provide entertainment, information, education and religion. And, like a newspaper, it must be careful to keep these things on a high plane—to avoid the coarse, the sensational, and the offensive.

"This is a day of air conditioning, when mechanical processes keep the air pure. Let us air condition radio, through the individual responsibility of each of the radio stations. Together with the school, the church and the home, radio is now influencing the character of youth.

It is partially responsible therefore for preserving the idealism of youth and for keeping the standards of youth high.

"We do not want radio censorship, but we do want such standards in radio broadcasting which will not permit vulgarity, obscenity or cheapness."

DR. JAMES E. WEST, Chief Scout Executive, Boy Scouts of America, says:

"By all means, the air must be kept clean. In my judgment there is a marked difference between liberalizing policies to permit of a frank expression of opinion from responsible sources and programs which permit vulgarity and salacious and suggestive material.

"The records of the responsible broadcasting companies have been on the whole very creditable, but I have had occasion recently to express concern, because of suggestive material, words and phrases which have been included in broadcasts by some of the so-called outstanding stars, who I am afraid, often innocently, have taken advantage of their popularity and assumed privileges because their material was not adequately reviewed and supervised in advance. Thus, in my judgment, unnecessarily gives offense and is not in keeping with the high ideals which should be maintained both for the benefit of the radio audience, as well as the radio industry.

"Please record me in favor of a policy, while liberalized to give freedom of expression of opinion from responsible sources, but safeguarded to avoid vulgarity and salacious and suggestive material."

DR. GEORGE DREW

EGBERT, President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, says:

"To hear a sound is a more vivid experience than to read a writing. While one does not retain the details presented to the listener for as long a period as those presented to the reader, the first impression of the former goes infinitely deeper than the first impression of the latter.

"For this reason those who do little thinking are more impressed by a radio broadcast than they are by a book. Yet, parents, who guard with utmost care the reading of children, will permit them to make continued and unsupervised use of the radio. There is danger here. Vulgarisms verging on the indecent are slipped into what is apparently an entirely innocent broadcast. Free and easy comments on atrocious crimes lower the resistance of youth to the temptation to confuse notoriety with fame. Keep the air clean!"

BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY, President, Girl Scouts, says:

"Because I am a Girl Scout, I think continuously in terms of teen-age girls, their interests and entertainments. So, naturally, I think often about the radio.

"Whatever comes over the air, goes in at the ear, for neither science nor society has ever found a way to prevent listening. We cannot escape the voice of radio at our own fireside, no matter what it says and how. A mother can tell her daughter what food to eat, clothes to wear, shows to see, books to read, but she cannot tell her just what to hear on the radio. And to banish the radio would be to banish probably the greatest medium of education and entertainment the earth has known.

"The power of the radio is something for which we should feel reverence, it seems to me, but that power puts a tremendous responsibility on those who possess it. Perhaps I am an old fashioned grandmother, but I believe that the speed and confusion of modern life should end as much as possible at the front door. And I believe that no one should knowingly project into a home an atmosphere that is degrading or destructive. It is impossible for the radio to exclude entirely from its programs all mention or reference to the forces that make life morally and physically dangerous today, but it is quite possible to exercise an intelligent supervision that will in no way impair the pleasure of the listeners.

"When people say to me that the radio industry should set a standard for its programs, I am apt to reply that the radio industry has already done so. All that I would ask is that the industry consistently maintain that standard. If it does, the home and our girls can listen as long as they like—and be much the wiser."

PROFESSOR CHARLES

GRAY SHAW, Department of Philosophy, New York University, and author of a half dozen highly esteemed volumes. He is a man who said everyone who whistles is a moron! Of radio he says:

"The radio audience is practically helpless in the presence of the performer. Those who are listening in cannot register their approval or disapproval so the performer has no idea what sort of impression he is making. The innocent listener deserves some protection from any possible immoralities and imbecilities, too. Up to the present time, it has been the intellect rather than the conscience which has been offended by radio programs. The program may be moral enough but it may still be moronic.

"There should be censorship and there is. This censorship is in the right place:

not in the hands of those who would throw all restraint to the winds or in the control of such as would put censorship under the control of some outside agency. It is in the studios themselves. There it should remain. But the studios should recognize their responsibility and keep the air both clean and bright. The listener has been protected from the vulgarian but has not fared so well with performers who wish to indulge in silliness. The greatest pests of the air are impossible singers; men who sing like women and women who sing like men."



Wide World

RAY LYMAN WILBUR

**DICK LEIBERT IS THE BONNY, BLOND
MUSICAL LAD WHO FINDS FOUR-
LEAF CLOVERS IN THE MUD**

by George Kent



THE next time you get sick, Mademoiselle, don't weep—just sew a pretty smile on your face and think of bonny, blond Dick Leibert. Because it was a spell of sickness, forty-six weeks of it, that made him the most popular, the highest paid organist in radio!

What would have sunk most men simply lifted Dick from the ruck into the amber glow of the big time. His whole life has been that way. A series of episodes demonstrating the art of turning hard luck into good luck. If a black cat crossed his path, he was sure to find a horseshoe and if he knocked over the salt cellar, it invariably spilled on a rabbit's foot. His illness is simply a case in point.

Before it happened he was, to use his own words, "a cocky youngster." A fair to middling organist, exploiting his gift for dramatizing the instrument, at the Penn Theatre in Pittsburgh. He was especially successful coddling the kids at the matinee performances, so much so that one woman naively informed him that if he ever lost his job she would give him one taking care of her children.

Then came a nasty old germ. The illness that followed, or rather the suffering that went with it, changed him—and for the better. That is the way of Dick Leibert. For twenty six weeks he lay in a hospital tortured by arthritic pains, too weak to hold a sheet of music in his hand, too wretched to listen to the radio. He lost his hair—long since returned more golden and curly than before—and his legs and arms and fingers gnarled and knotted. Added to his burden was the fact that his wife, an expectant mother, could visit him only at rare intervals.

When he left the hospital, he did so only to start a long, slow period of convalescence, which lasted another twenty weeks. It isn't fun at the age of twenty-four to see a year chiseled out of your life by a mere germ! His daughter Maryette, the same for whom he recently wrote a song, had been born in the meantime, but it was six long

weeks before Dick saw her.

Never will he forget the day he returned to an organ console. Something had come out of those seemingly wasted weeks in the hospital, a new understanding, a greater depth, a remarkable power. Where formerly he was simply entertaining, he now laid a magic spell on his listeners.

BUT observe how hard luck and good played tag in his life. A general strike was under way in Pittsburgh and he couldn't get his old job back. Instead of hanging around, he went to Washington to take a job as organist in the Palace Theatre. Nothing in that, do I hear you sniff? It may help you change your mind when we tell you that's the theatre Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge liked to attend in their vice presidential days.

Mrs. Coolidge liked music and used to ask him, via the usher, to play her favorites such as the Dawes' "Melody," Dvorak's "Humoresque" and others. After a time, the ushers would tip him off and when the Coolidges arrived they would be greeted by their favorite airs. It was a courtesy amply repaid for. (Continued on page 76)



Dick at the organ of Radio City Music Hall in New York City.

Countess Olga Albani

WHEN Jessica Dragonette took her first vacation in five years, Cities Service chose the beautiful Countess Olga Albani to grace its Friday evening hour concerts. She was born in Barcelona and came to America when five years old. Her constant dream was to become a great actress, but a beautiful soprano voice changed that. Yes, she is a real countess, the wife of Count Albani of Milan, Italy. And she is the mother of a nine-year-old son. The Countess is a woman of medium height, slender, with slumbering black eyes, an olive complexion and very dark hair. Besides singing, her favorite pastime is to cook a good meal, a feat in which she excels.

Jackson



The Pickens Sisters

LET Jane Pickens, one of the voices of these NBC harmonists, tell you about the trio. "It is a far cry from an NBC studio in New York to a sleepy plantation way down in Georgia. Far removed are New York's musical productions from the simple songs of the darkies I heard and loved as a child. Yet, in making the arrangements that Helen, Patti and I use over the radio, we find ourselves using the harmony and free dialect of the Negroes that was impressed so indelibly upon our minds long before we ever dreamed of studying under great teachers or of singing to millions over the networks. We lead a

happy life—we 'slim Pickens,' as someone has dubbed us. We have been warbling ever since we were able to coo for lying on a plantation in the old South one learns early in life from the Negroes singing as they work in the fields. We three children have often tagged along behind a crowd of them, watching and listening as they struggled up cotton rows, hoeing and singing. And we would sing with them. No conductor could have brought instruments together more smoothly, could have swept his baton to a more finished ending as we sing, 'Rock, rock, rock jubilee!'"

WILL
ROGERS



WILL ROGERS hands out his bag of tricks and puts his rope into action as Gull Oil, his radio boss, waits a variety of voices and instruments from England, Germany, France and other debt defaulting nations just for the novelty of the thing. But we're told Will is coming back in time to run Congress when it convenes.

Have no fear of Max Baer losing the championship now that Ed Wynn is assisting Trainer Mike Cantwell. Wynn will put a punch in Max's fighting even if he has to do it with an old gag.

If this were the gay nineties and Col. Stoopnagle were a woman, and if Budd were a man-about town and it were summer, the picture on the opposite page shows you how they would appear.

It's awfully hot and tiresome to walk over all the World's Fair grounds. That's why Lu insisted that Clara and I join her in a bit of a drink before they tackled the Live Stock Exhibit.

Wide World



RADIO STARS

STOOPNAGLE
AND BUDD



CLARA LU
'N' EM



LOST— A WOMAN'S LOVE.

MISSED AFTER A PARTY AT SLEEPLESS HOL-
LOW. LAST SEEN DEJECTED AND HOPELESS
'MIDST WILD GAYETY. LIBERAL REWARD TO
ANYONE FORWARDING INFORMATION PER-
TAINING TO SAME. WRITE, WIRE OR PHONE
JOE COOK

(Left) "I'm going crazy — don't you
wanna come along?" Yes, it's Joe in
the daisy patch.

BY LESTER
GOTTlieb

OFTEN the fulfillment of life-long dreams means the sacrifice of something infinitely more priceless. When Joe Cook, host and brilliant comedian of the "Colgate House Party", built his rambling, beautiful estate on Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, he didn't construct a mere house with trees and terraces to embellish it. He built an ideal. The home is known far and wide, kings, presidents, and celebrities in every field have been invited. Those who came to play on its mad golf course, to roar at the antics of Joe's stooge butlers, and view his limitless inventions, never forgot them.

But that's getting ahead of our story, a story crammed with laughs and tears, comedy and bitter tragedy. Kathleen Norris or Fannie Hurst would give most anything to write a novel like this. Yet they would have hesitated. Isn't it too implausible, these great novelists would have asked? Truth, nevertheless, is stranger than fiction. I write not of Joe Cook, celebrated star of stage, screen, and now radio, but the simple story of little Joe Lopez, orphan boy, with a genius for comedy, and an impregnable determination. Unlike you and I, he saw his childhood



If you want to spend an amusing evening, settle yourself comfortably and start looking over Joe Cook's trophy room. The rest of the rooms in the house are just as dizzy.

vision become a reality. Fate helped him, of course. And Fate demanded a costly recompense. Joe forfeited his wife.

Let's go back thirty years . . . far from Sleepless Hollow (the name of Joe's famous home) to Evansville, Indiana. A small, fair lad who looks about seven and really is ten, is beaming with pride and pleasure. His friends, all taller than he, mill around him. He had just given the mid-western town its first local circus. To be sure, it wouldn't have offered any serious competition to Barnum and Bailey. Its arena was an empty barn. It boasted no Broadway clowns, just eager kids from the neighborhood, who thrilled at the first touch of grease paint and powder. It was a good enough circus for these simple folk, who were amazed at the ingenuity of this little boy. He was the whole works: ringmaster, clown, bareback rider, and acrobat, all rolled into one. The hay loft was packed with the audience, ages from six to sixty. Even the pink lemonade tasted good.

WHEN the grand finale was over, with Joe high above the crowd, on an improvised slack wire, he mustered his cheering associates and made some startling predictions, as he struggled to maintain his equilibrium.

"I'm gonna give bigger 'n' better shows than this one, in bigger 'n' better cities. I'm gonna make a million dollars, and then . . ."

"And then what, Joey?" shouted his worshipping brother, Leo, eyes popping.

"Then I'm gonna build me a great house on a blue lake, with boats and trains, and give swell parties!" His ambition got the better of his balance, and he fell into a convenient pile of hay.

"Now that you're down to earth, Joey," called out an old man, who had been sitting in front, "you won't be having such high falutin' ideas."

"You just wait and see," answered Joe.

The old man's eyes twinkled. They were wise eyes that had seen many things. Slowly he said, emphasizing every word of his advice: "Remember, son, you always gotta give a lot to get a lot."

Success unlocked the key to young Joe's talents. Diligently he practised his stunts. He got every available joke book. Then one summer, a sleek medicine man came to town. He needed an assistant that could, when needed, juggle, while the professor (they always called these shysters professors) eulogized the miracles of his patent remedy.

Joe couldn't juggle, so he faked a picture of himself juggling thirteen Indian clubs, mailed it to the fakir, and got the job. When the time came for him to juggle, he told jokes instead. The attentive farmers laughed and the professor sold his medicine. When the evasive quack, who was always two jumps ahead of town constables, concluded his tour of hundreds of tiny hamlets throughout the country, his versatile Joe-of-all-trades asked to be paid. The professor had no money, so they compromised. Joe, none the worse for his (*Continued on page 90*)

LADIES and gentlemen, I do not claim to be infallible, but if anything is troubling you—any question relative to love, marriage, finance, the future—write to me. Enclose one dollar—"

It is the voice of "*Eckes, Eay, Ah, Doble-oo; la voz de el servicio internacional.*" Or of "*Eckes, Eay, Pay, Emmy;* the voice of the western hemisphere." In other words, it is the voice of one of the powerful radio stations along the Texas-Mexico border whose call letters begin with "X-E" and are announced in both Spanish and English, and whose individual broadcasts reach almost as many listeners as does an entire network of American stations. And the benignant words which open this article come to you from one of the professional "spooks" connected with these stations.

Spooks, in the parlance of the radio profession, are not disembodied spirits. On the contrary, they are very materialistic gentlemen, and sometimes ladies, although women are not generally credited with good "commercial" voices; hence, "spooking" being a strictly commercial proposition, lady spooks are not as much in demand as their masculine competitors.

You have doubtless listened in if only momentarily, in the course of twirling your dial—to these suave gentlemen beseeching you to permit them to solve all your vexatious problems: apprehend and drag into the light of day that coy and elusive fate of yours which is ever hiding just around the corner of the future; advise you on all your doubtful decisions, from planting your potatoes by the light or the dark of the moon, to choosing your life mate or investing in oil stock.

Have you taken any one of these radio spooks at his word, and sent him a dollar to exercise his mystic powers in your behalf? Was the veil rent, and did Astrologer Koran, or Brandon the Man of Destiny, reveal those secrets which only the Fates are supposed to know? Judging by the deluge of fan mail from "satisfied customers," you would say that the most extravagant claims of these modern knights of the Mystic Veil are not exaggerated. A handful of letters picked at random from the files of any one of them might convince the most sceptical of their magic powers.

A YOUNG man wrote Gayle Norman the 2nd, one of the leading psychologists of the Mexican border fraternity of radio spooks, stating there were no funds with which to meet a mortgage of \$4,500 on his mother's home; would the loan they were negotiating go through

in time to save the home? The reply was that the loan would not go through, but some money would come to the family from an unexpected source in time to save the property. The day before the mortgage fell due, the mother went into the attic to search for some lost articles. In the course of the search she found under a loose board exactly \$4,500 which had been hidden there by her grandfather!

Certain notorious criminals in Texas had evaded the law successfully for too long a time. A peace officer with different ideas consulted Ethel Duncan, dean of women spooks, who employs as her trade name "The Good Samaritan," and the outlaws were promptly apprehended!

Are such records as the above proof that these radio mentalists can, indeed, perceive things hidden from us ordinary mortals? Or do they merely prove the prevalence of coincidence?

Gayle Norman the 2nd, whose mystic influence is credited with the finding of the long concealed sum which redeemed the mortgage in Oklahoma, visited the Kentucky Derby recently, and dropped most of his savings on the ponies. Ethel Duncan was swindled and deceived by a business partner. Was the outcome of the races too much for

Gayle to foresee? And could not Ethel's powers of divination warn her that her partner was making misstatements to her?

Now, here is the most surprising thing of all. Gayle Norman never even saw the letter from the young man in Oklahoma, much less the answer foretelling the materialization of the cash to pay off the mortgage!

HE receives as high as 2,000 letters a day, many of them long, rambling and illegible. He does not attempt to read them, but employs a staff of trained secretaries who read the letters and answer the questions according to general rules laid down by Mr. Norman. These rules contain certain taboos. For instance, no advice must be given which might lead to suicide, murder, or any act of a criminal nature. Questions pertaining to marital affairs must be answered in a manner to harmonize rather than disrupt families. Crime must not be discussed, and neither must queries bearing on the policies of the United States Government.

Does his master mind operate through the minds of the secretaries who in reality answer the questions sent to Mr. Norman? Is there anything to this "spooking" proposition, or is it just a racket? Your answer to that question is as good as mine. (Continued on page 75)

RADIO SPOOKS

By Ecks Ray

Illustration by
JIM KELLY



**FOR ONE DOLLAR, LADEEZ AND
GENTLEMEN, THEY WILL TELL YOU
WHERE TO FIND YOUR SOUL MATE.
OR A FORTUNE TO PAY OFF THE
MORTGAGE. OR HOW TO FLY**

Down on the Mexican border sit
bogus Know-Alls handing out
advice they know nothing about.





22 DISTINGUISHED



SOME Friday or Saturday evening when you are tired of crooners and hysterical jazz and booming, and pretentious symphonies, set your dial for the NBC station that carries the program called "One Man's Family."

Already, it has won millions of listeners, but there must be others who have missed it. This message is for them. This message is to tell them that "One Man's Family" is a tonic and a stimulant, something that will add a new zest to their enthusiasm for this thing called radio broadcasting.



SERVICE *TO* RADIO

"One Man's Family" captures something in life that most programs miss. It contrives artfully to reproduce experiences through which many of us pass. Or would like to pass. It does all this with a minimum of sugar-coating, with most of the stuff of life left raw and lusty as nature intended.

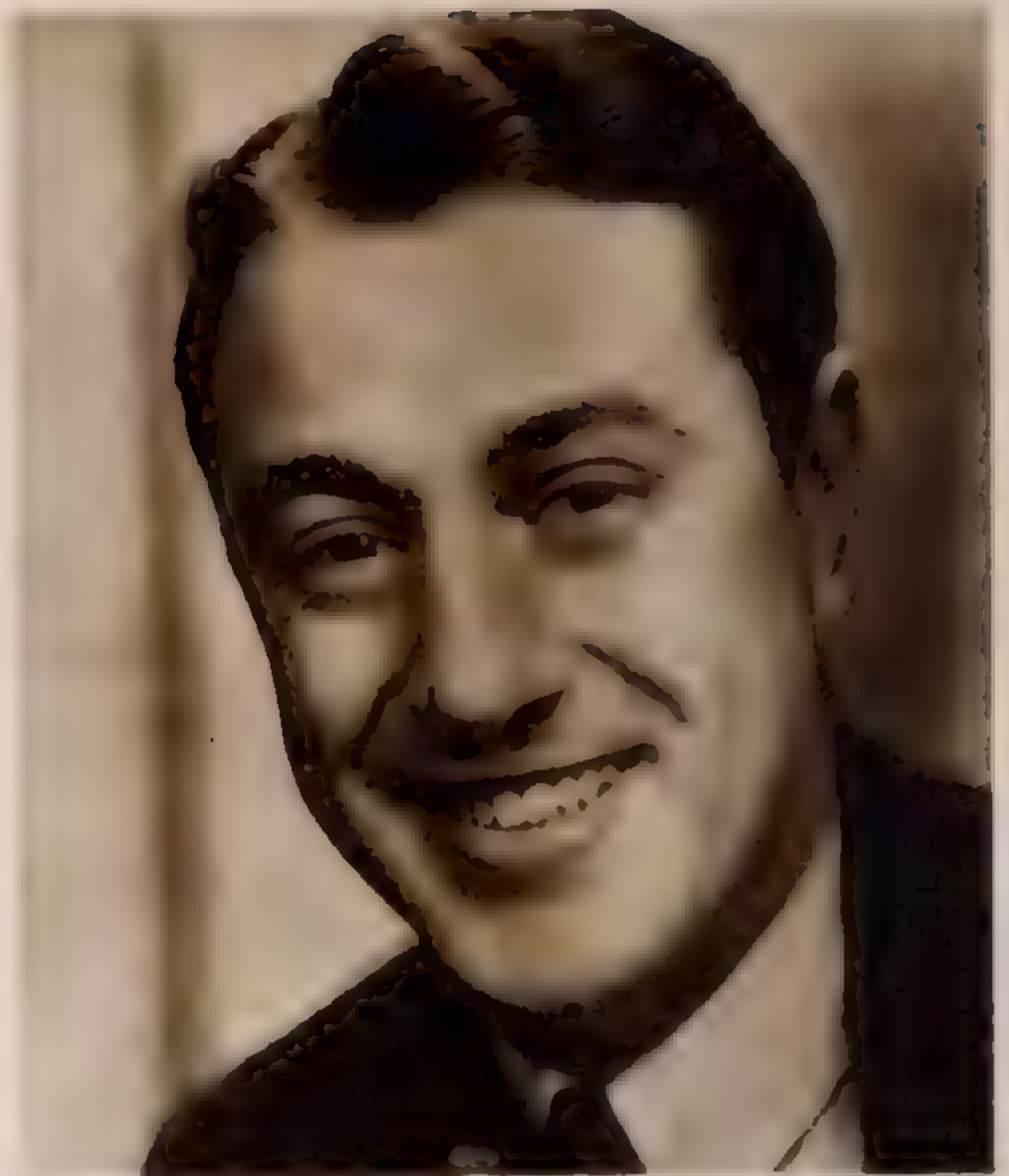
You probably don't know that this is a program born and built in California. First presented there about two years ago, its robust vitality soon attracted so many friends that NBC's eastern offices were forced to pay attention. Presently, it was offered to the entire nation. And presently the moods and movements of Mr. and Mrs. Barbour and Paul and Claudia and Jack and Clifford and Hazel became of national importance.

Today, "One Man's Family" has become Uncle Sam's family. Because it affords clean and virile entertainment, and because it pioneers the way toward a day when drama will rank with music as supreme radio entertainment, RADIO STARS Magazine tenders "One Man's Family" and its author, Carlton E. Morse, its monthly Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curteis Mitchell

You Can't out-shout DEATH

By
Adele
Whitely Fletcher



Bert Lawson

CONRAD THIBAUT

ARM IN ARM SUCCESS AND TRAGEDY OVERTOOK CONRAD THIBAUT

FOUR times Conrad Thibault has faced vital decisions.

Four times he has made his choice.

Four times he has known grim disapproval, been accused of throwing his life away, of acting like a fool.

"You've heard Conrad on the 'Show Boat' hour and the Certo program. Had he made different decisions and his life been shaped to another pattern, he would, of course, still have his fine baritone voice. But it's not at all likely it would possess the same emotional quality.

For—I give fair warning—this is a story with a tragic ending. Let those who relish only stories which conclude on a happy note read no further.

Today Conrad Thibault . . . But wait! Let's begin at the proper beginning for this story, with Conrad facing his first vital decision.

Conrad wasn't twenty when he fell in love. Her name was Madeleine and he first saw her the day his family moved to Northampton, Massachusetts, when he went out to look the town over.

Madeleine came down the street. "She was fair," he says, but he makes you see more than a girl with golden hair and soft skin and blue eyes. He gives you the essence of this girl as she lives in his heart.

"How do you do?" he said, tipping the hat he wore at an angle befitting his years. He was appalled at himself, for this girl, obviously, wasn't a girl to be picked up on the street. But something instinctive compelled him.

She didn't, strangely enough, rebuff him. She smiled. And Conrad had a strong feeling some deep-lying element motivated her, too. "It was," he says now, over ten years later, "love at first sight."

Conrad and Madeleine next met at the rehearsals for an entertainment the Elks were giving. Both were to

sing. "I remember," he says, "that we were shy with each other. As if that first time we had shown more of our feelings than we thought seemly."

One night when rehearsal was over, Conrad suggested to a friend that they invite Madeleine and her sister out. "Fine," his friend agreed, "only it's too late for any picture show. There's only the dance."

"Okeh!" Conrad felt he had already waited too long to know this girl better.

WHEN he tells about that first date he smiles. "I couldn't dance, but then Madeleine didn't dance every dance. So we did have an opportunity to sit and talk. And before that evening was over I knew, definitely, what I'd felt from the beginning, that this was the real thing."

Whereupon Conrad found himself in a spot, a tough spot, for he wanted to tell Madeleine of his love. He wanted to ask for her love. He wanted to marry her. But he had no money. And there was no indication that he would be able to support a wife, in even the simplest fashion, for years to come.

His social conscience told him he had no right to speak. But his heart and mind told him the love he held for Madeleine was something beyond the jurisdiction of such superficial things as social laws. Conrad made his first decision. Within that year he and Madeleine were engaged.

"What is that boy thinking of?" Northampton inquired of Northampton. "Doesn't he know it takes money to get married? Why, he hasn't even 'prospects'." In a small New England town it's particularly difficult to face such censure. Conrad, fortunately, had courage. He needed it, for the necessity of making a second important decision came almost at once. (Continued on page 72)



Wide World

You Have to Leave Home

They sing to those who have never left home, these lads. Left to right, they are: Carl, Jack and Dan Landt and Howard White.

**By John
Skinner**

HAVE you ever wanted to take your talents to New York and do something really great?

If you have, what kept you from it?

Whatever it was, if you ever had that urge, you will understand deeply the story of how the broken hopes of the Landt Trio and White, those song and comedy fellows of the NBC networks, were miraculously welded into exuberant triumph.

1928! Four young men, two of them still in their teens, sit disconsolately in a shabby little room—for three and a half dreary weeks of shocking disillusionment their New York Home. The walls are pitted with bullet holes, grim reminders of a gangster shooting. The cries of grimy children playing on the sidewalk below punctuate the howling of a thousand raucous radios. In the slanting light of the October afternoon sun, the three brothers, Dan, Carl and Jack Landt, and Howard White, are counting their last few coins.

Only a few blocks away are their dream streets—Broadway of the glittering lights and Fifth Avenue of the radio studios—streets where millions of dollars are pouring into the laps of entertainers. But of which they had gotten not a penny. Nor had prospects of any.

Oh, they came riding high on hopes, those lads. Back home in Scranton, Pennsylvania, their families and friends told them they were pretty good. They had a loyal group of supporters in the listeners of WGIB, a local station.

It all started with hot cross buns. Dan, the eldest of the Landt brothers, called up a bakery one day to order the buns. He was startled to hear a familiar voice on the other end of the wire. It was an old friend he hadn't seen in years—Howard White.

"Drop in and see my shop some time," Howard invited. "I've something to show you." "Nice layout," Dan observed politely when he did drop in and looked around.

"Wait'll you see what I've got back here," answered Howard with a grin as he led Dan Landt into a back room. He pointed proudly at the piano. "That's what I use to practice for my programs on WGIB."

DAN looked at it thoughtfully for a moment, then snapped his fingers triumphantly. "I've got it," he cried.

"Got what?" demanded White.

"Listen, Howard, how about (Continued on page 84)

SCHOOLBOY, BAKER, MILK TESTER, PAINTER—ALL TELL THE SAME STORY

Strictly



Kessler

(Above, left) Tom Waring poses with Rosemary Lane. Both are soloists with Fred Waring's band. (Above) Frank Hazzard of the Climafone Carnival.

FRAY and Braggiotti, CBS pianists, are the latest to go to Hollywood. They're in Eddie Cantor's new flicker. Which reminds us, Ben Gross, radio editor of the *New York Daily News*, has a damage suit pending against Cantor as a result of the comedians' blast against the ability and integrity of radio editors in general.

AMONG all your thousands of readers are three Misses whom we're very anxious to locate. Or, rather, Lanny Ross wants to locate. There's a lot of mystery about it all, but I promised Lanny I'd do my best. I really think he has something for them. So should you be Miss Vera Fisher or Miss Kathryn Davis or Miss Frances Collens, of lord knows where, please write me post haste. And be sure and give your address.

Confidential



Foto Ad

This happy family is why Jean Paul King announces with a smile in his voice. Here he is with his wife and son, Paul Cogswell.



Kessler

(Above) Jimmy Kemper is the romantic singer who weaves dramatic incidents about popular melodies on his CBS programs.



Jackson

(Above) Here's the young girl who cries for a living. Yes, Miss Sally Belle Cox imitates all the babies you hear over the air.

ROXY is coming back. And via CBS. The grand old fellow of "Roxy's Gang" fame, for whom the world's largest theatres have been named, is scheduled to have a forty-five-minute program starting this month. He takes the spot formerly filled by Albert Spalding's violin playing. Already the big showman is auditioning new talent. With his uncanny ability to find winners, we may be sure of a fresh and varied entertainment with new names added to the radio roster.

IF contracts materialize, you'll never hear Eddie Cantor on the Chase and Sanborn hour again. He's slated to switch to his new CBS toothpaste hour immediately, and Chase and Sanborn will follow Jimmie Durante with an all-star show which, according to advance notices, will knock us for a row of something or other.

TROUBLED waters nearly caused Ed Wynn serious injury recently. With friends, the comedian was boating off Long Island when his craft

By Wilson Brown

struck rock bottom, crashing boat and fishing plans. The entire party would have had an unexpected swim had not another fishing boat sighted their plight and come to their rescue.

WE understand the next big-time show to hit our ears will be an original musical of an hour's length. Original in the sense that both the text and the music will be written especially for that show. Looks like the setup will include Don Voorhees' orchestra, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemmens, Lois Bennett and a chorus. The product that's advertised as 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ per cent pure is to foot the bill.

ANNOUNCER John Young of NBC packed his bags and crossed the big pond to lecture to Oxford students on the ways of cor-

rect radio speech. Or is it American speech? When John returns, maybe those marriage rumors that have been in the air will ring wedding bells. We've heard on good authority that the girl's papa has already given the couple his blessings.

CAMPBELL SOUP'S plans to hit the air waves this month with an hour show coming from California is an indication of the pick-up in business we might expect for the air this fall. In fact, we're told that so many new sponsors are clamoring for time that NBC and CBS find it impossible to take care of them all with present station hook-ups. Which means that maybe those contemplated third networks we've been hearing about will find it easier to develop and start operation—perhaps this fall.

NEW YORK newspapers screamed headlines of the marriage of Tommy McLaughlin, the baritone of Major Bowes' Capitol Family of NBC, and a pretty local miss. A few

SUITS, WIFE TROUBLE AND LOTS OF OTHER THINGS FIGURE IN THE NEWS



Ray Perkin's new piano playing.

strictly confidential

days afterwards, the newspapers denied the marriage. It seems that a Tommy McLaughlin was married, but not radio's Tommy. After all, there can be duplication of names.

BLUES singing into little black mikes usually brings fortune to the possessor of the voice. But Irene Taylor, who first sang at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, where she was "discovered" by Paul Whiteman, says she's broke. She filed a voluntary bankruptcy petition listing liabilities of \$5,938, and said she had no assets except her voice, which isn't bringing her in any money at present. Irene's last program was the Camel half-hour on CBS. Since leaving that, she has been visiting her mother, who is ill, in Texas.

FRIDAY the 13th might be unlucky to some, but that's the day Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby presented the world with twin boys, establishing a record in such matters as far as radio and the movies are concerned.

Early on the morning of July 13th the twins put in an appearance, relieving the anxiety felt for months over the welfare of Mrs. Crosby, who was critically ill for weeks preceding the births.

We said the twins established a record. Well, so say the old-timers, who can't recall any big radio and movie name like Bing ever before having twins. Lawrence Tibbett has twin boys, but they were born long before their father ever appeared over the air or on the screen.

GEORGE JESSELL and CBS have parted company. There's a comedian who seems to be doomed as far as radio is concerned. Why he and the network split is a secret both are guarding. Some say CBS couldn't sell him to a sponsor. Some say they just didn't work in harmony. Others tell us that George wouldn't stick to his script and often added lines that hadn't been approved by the program department. So, the newly married Georgie isn't doing radio anymore. And it looks like that condition will extend many months.

PAGE the stork. Or the doctor. Or whatever it is. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Waring are auditioning for parenthood. The first baby to bear the famed band name is expected this fall.

PAUL DOUGLAS, the CBS announcer, and his wife, Sabyre Worth, are reported to be on the outs—even to the extent of going to court. Kenneth Roberts is another Columbia announcer who is having wife trouble, or so the rumors say. Also, Ted Husing was recently divorced.

NEWs of another contemplated hour show. This time it is the Continental Baking Company that's making the plans. CBS will get the program.

YOU "March of Time" fans will be glad to know that program will be back on CBS in another month.

IMAGINE, if you can, a 200,000 per cent increase in salary. Phil Baker, the Armour Jester, got it from Carl Laemmle, the movie producer. Twenty years ago



Irene Noble and Tim Ryan, comedians.



Leith Stevens and wife, Mary McCoy.

THE GOSSIP MAN GOT UNUSUALLY NOSEY THIS MONTH AND HERE HE GIVES YOU THE BACK-FENCE DATA

Phil was secretary to Laemmle. Today he's that producer's star in the musical movie, "The Gift of Gab." And there's all that difference between the two salaries

It was a little surprise to CBS when news came that Tony Wons and his sponsor were shifting to NBC this fall. Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, the two-piano team on Tony's program, are going along, too.

Tony, by the way, vacationed in Eagle River, Wisconsin, spending his time writing a book which will review his ten years in radio.

THE new contract signed by Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink means her programs will continue until October 21st.

PAT PADGETT (he's the Molasses of "Molasses 'n' January") recently went to Decatur-Edgewood, Georgia, to bring his mother to New York for a visit. His mother has been ill since the night Pat opened with Captain Henry's "Show Boat" on the ether lanes twenty-two months ago.

WHEN August 2nd rolled around, Paul Whiteman put his name on a paper which assures us of at least thirteen more weeks of his Thursday night NBC musical feasts.

CHOICE morsels: Harry Horlick, the A. & P. Gypsies maestro, has been signed by Warner Brothers for two movie shorts . . . Sponsors are reported after that Sunday evening NBC show featuring Ed Lowry . . . There was an accident on the Fourth of July in Little America where the Byrd broadcasts take place. Alton Wade, one of the crew, suffered a case of frost-bite . . . Jeannie Lang is playing theatres in the Middle West . . . RKO signed Ben Alley, tenor, for some flicker shorts . . . They say it's John Barclay doing the singing on the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre, but it's really Theodore Webb. Barclay only does the speaking parts . . . Ray Heatherton, NBC baritone who sings romantic ballads in the "Wife Saver" programs, was selected by readers of the *Woman's Home Companion* as the ideal type of American boy . . . Eastern listeners haven't been hearing Ruth Etting all summer, but she has been on the air all the time on the Coast . . . Chevrolet will, in all probability, be back on NBC this fall. The nature of the program isn't as yet known . . . Camel cigarettes are also slated to return in October.

WHEN Bing Crosby returns to CBS this fall for Woodbury's Soap, Jimmie Grier's orchestra and the Mills Brothers will make up the balance of the talent.

AMOS 'N' ANDY are separated for the first time in a decade this summer. Andy, that is Charlie Correll, decided on a European vacation. He and Mrs. Correll sailed on the *Bremen* on July 17 for England. Amos (Freeman Gosden) also was to go out of the country. The Gosdens planned a steamer trip to Alaska with lots of fishing.

Despite persistent rumors that Amos 'n' Andy are all washed up, the noted radio duo (Continued on page 74.



James Melton and his wife aboard their yacht.



Nancy Carroll poses with Jack Benny.



By
Helen Hover



International News Photo



Graham McNamee scores a knockout. (Right) As he appeared in playful scuffle with Max Baer. (Left). With his wife, the former Ann Lee Sims.

MR. DYNAMITE

UP at NBC in New York, they call Graham McNamee Mister Dynamite. He's like that, you know. When he drove down to Elkton, Maryland, last January at a mile-a-minute clip and married pretty Ann Lee Sims, nobody was surprised. That's the way he goes about things. His courtship was a furious and hectic one.

Would you like to be "in" on this amazing romance? Would you like to know how Graham McNamee—world-scarred, knockabout Graham McNamee met, wooed and married an unsophisticated girl only five months after he first set eyes on her?

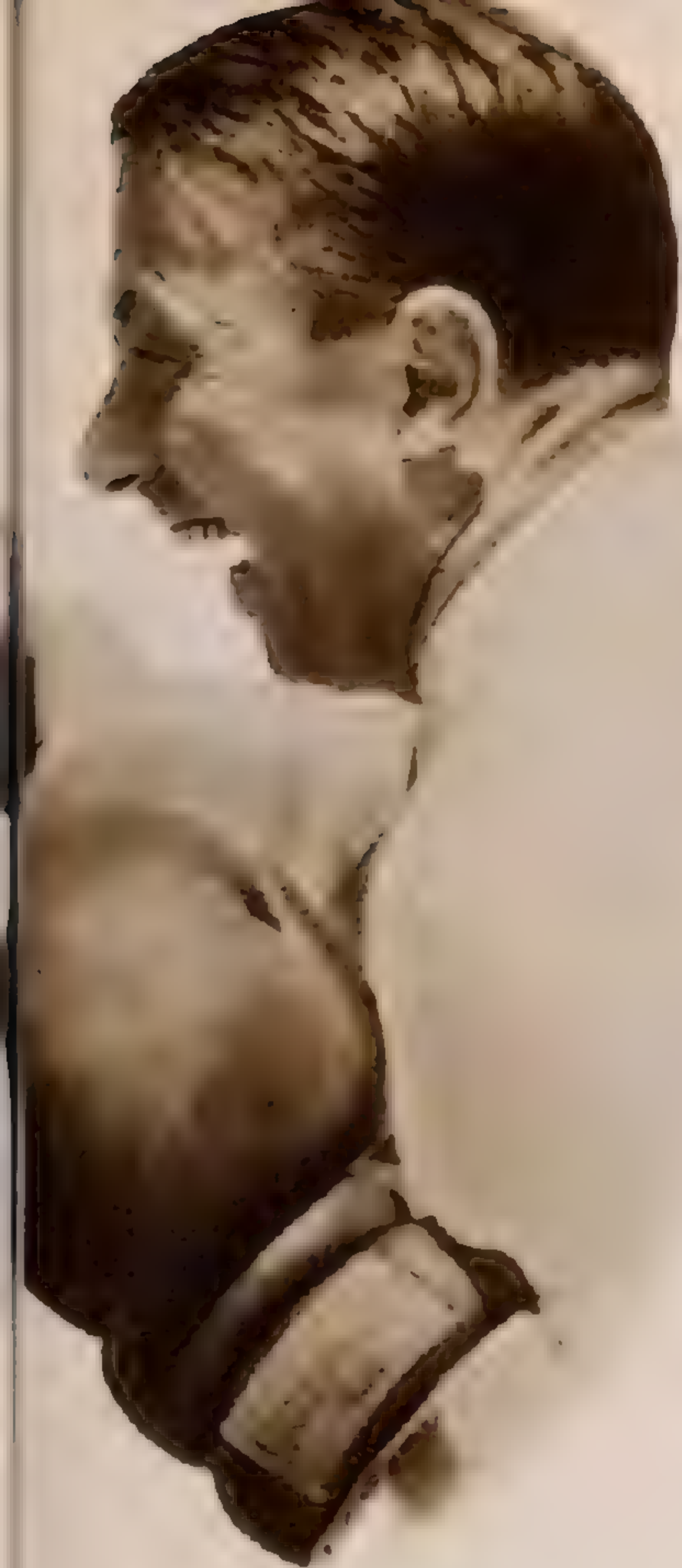
There was one obstacle that Graham had to tear down before he got Ann Lee to say yes. But did it stump him? Say, you don't know your McNamee. This romance reveals the man you and I never before knew—a nice, human Graham McNamee and not the effervescent,

glib announcer known wherever broadcasts are heard.

Here's how it started. Graham was in the Universal moving-picture studios one Tuesday afternoon working away like blazes. Besides all of his radio work, he is the "voice" of the Universal newsreel pictures, you know. This recording was a pretty strenuous job and, on top of it all, he had to rush through it, because he had to make a Texaco rehearsal at NBC. He was nervous and jittery and in a bad humor. This was certainly no time to meet Graham McNamee.

HE was in the midst of the recording when Jack Stewart, a friend, walked in. Graham stopped short. "What is it, Jack?" he asked impatiently.

Jack, fortunately, didn't recognize the dark look in McNamee's eyes. "I've got a friend outside," he said innocently. "She's from New Orleans and she begged me to



FAST, FURIOUS AND HECTIC WAS THE COURTSHIP. IT ENDED IN AN ELOPEMENT AT BREAKNECK SPEED WITH A WEDDING SUPPER OF HAMBURGERS TOSSED OFF IN AN "OPEN ALL NIGHT" LUNCH WAGON. YES, GRAHAM McNAMEE WAS THE MAN IN THE CASE

GETS *married!*

take her to watch you make a newsreel recording. Said she was crazy about your voice and—"

"What?" McNamee cried. "Do you think I'm going to stop in the middle of my work to act as a guide for a girl?"

"But, Mac—"

"No sirree. I can't be bothered. I haven't the time. Tell that to your little girl friend."

Suddenly he looked toward the door. He saw it opening slowly and then a slim ankle edged its way in. He looked up into the softest brown eyes and most dazzling young smile out of New Orleans.

"May I come in?" Her voice had a fascinating huskiness coupled with a delightful drawl.

"Why, yes, come right in," the erstwhile harassed announcer said in his most charming manner.

Do you believe in love at first sight? Well, there are some people who use snap judgment. Graham belongs to

that impetuous group. Before the day was over, the New Orleans stranger had been down every nook and cranny worth seeing in the Universal studios. She listened to a rehearsal of the Texaco hour, she was introduced to popular Ed Wynn, she went to dinner with the best known announcer in radio, and she sat in the exclusive clients' box and heard the whole Texaco program with that same announcer smiling right up at her from his position at the mike.

Graham, as impetuous and eager as his breathless voice implies, proceeded to turn her right off her tiny feet. He dated her up and over her. What girl wouldn't be thrilled at this exciting courtship, wouldn't be fascinated by this dizzy romance? Ann Lee knew that she would never be dull with Graham.

Things were going along beautifully. It was almost too good to be true, the Graham-Ann Lee romance. Then



Do you recognize the gentleman? Or the contraption in front of him. Well, it's McNamee way back when mikes looked like that ancient one in the picture.

the thing that he most feared happened. Slowly but surely, ugly whispered rumors began to reach Ann Lee's ears about himself.

Now you mustn't forget this: During the last twelve years that Graham McNamee had been associated with the mad whirl of radio, his life had been a hectic one. He was a gay fellow, a man's man, a "hail-fellow-well-met." The kind who could stay up all night playing poker with the boys, or visit one night spot after another. This floated to Ann Lee's ears, undoubtedly. How did she feel when she heard these reports? Well, let me put the question to you—how would you feel? And Lee tried to shut her eyes to them. Tried to pretend that they were nothing.

But there was one story she couldn't dismiss. Graham had been married before. He had married his first wife, Josephine Garrett, after he had heard her sing at a concert in the Dutch Reformed Church in Bronxville, New York. At that time he was broke and jobless—a baritone who just couldn't seem to get started on a singing career.

One day he strolled into the old WEA radio studio of the crystal set era and walked out with a job as announcer. During those exciting, formative years when he saw himself fast becoming radio's number one announcer, the story of the McNamees' devotion to each other was plastered in every newspaper. Their marriage was held up as one of the happiest and most ideal in radio. And then, suddenly, they split.

WHATEVER the reason, only he and the first Mrs. McNamee know. They refuse to talk about it. But gossipers had to blame someone for it, so the finger was pointed at Graham himself. Don't you see how that

could have happened? Here was a man, they reasoned, who had left his wife after he had tasted the fruit of success and fame. Who, when he finally reached the top, shook off the wife who had stuck by him through thick and thin. It seemed so logical. Of course, Graham could have dispelled all of these whispers by coming out with a statement defending himself. But he felt the real reason for the divorce was nobody's business but Josephine McNamee's and his own.

I wonder what Ann Lee made of all that? She certainly couldn't have tossed them aside lightly with a mere nod. Her young life had been molded in the conventional pattern of a sheltered New Orleans home girl. A man who had the ashes of one wrecked marriage over his head, she had been taught to believe, didn't have the makings of a good husband.

Then, too, he was forty-four years old, twice as old as she. His life had been lived, fully and recklessly. Hers was just beginning. How could they hope to get along? She couldn't escape these doubts. The more these facts twirled dizzily in her brain, the more inclined she was to heed those people who told her to give up Graham.

Once he caught that puzzled look in her eyes as she sat staring at him. And he understood what it meant. That was the snag that threatened to head his romance to the rocks.

Graham, if anything, is direct and honest. I can imagine him taking the bull by the horns and telling Ann Lee the whole story of his unfortunate marriage. I know that he would not twist and garble the truth in his own favor. He wouldn't hold himself up as the misunderstood, aggrieved husband. How many men would have had the courage to tackle that problem with the same forwardness and candor that McNamee did? That was probably what won Ann Lee over instantly. He was so awfully decent and outright about it all.

NOR did he have to tell her in so many words that those primrose days of wine, women and song were over. His life, as she saw it, proved that. His absorbing interest, she discovered, was the opera. He loved sports, too—fishing, tennis and golf. So did she.

With these mutual interests and hobbies, the bugaboo that threatened to come between them was shooed away. Ann Lee now really meant it when she smiled tolerantly at those who continued to rake up rumors about Graham. She knew better now.

For the first time, Ann Lee saw right into the heart of Graham McNamee. His hearty, chuckling laugh didn't fool her one bit. She saw right through his gay banter, right through his vivacious quips, and discovered a disillusioned, lonely man. Her heart went out to him.

That scare did something to Graham. When he realized that he had almost lost Ann Lee, he was determined never to let her go out of his life. There was only one way to keep her with him always. (Continued on page 88)

Winding up the search for Miss Radio



Seymour

Will Joy Hodges be the queen? She is the singer with Carol Lofner's orchestra from San Francisco and is a nominee.

M.L. hail the Queen of Radio!

Who is she? We don't know yet. But, with your help, she'll be named and crowned before another page has been torn from the calendar.

What after that? Well, the world will know that the most beautiful girl in radio has been chosen, and chosen by capable judges. There'll be no more petty dickering as to whether this or that girl has it all over the others. Although there may be a beauty contest in Arkansas and one in New York and one in California, we'll all have the satisfaction that a national queen has been selected—and selected from your own nominations. After all, you readers make up the vast listening audience of radio. You are the ones to whom belong the right of nominations.

Of course, you readers know that RADIO STARS has the largest circulation of any radio publication. That's the assurance we have that the winner will really be a national favorite. And we're not going to pick three or four so-called beauty experts to do the judging. We're going to have as judges men and women who know radio,

ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT UNTIL JUDGES START SELECTING A REAL HONEST-TO-GOODNESS RADIO QUEEN OF BEAUTY, PICKED AFTER A NATIONAL SEARCH. HAVE YOU MADE A NOMINATION?

Or maybe Barbara Jo Allen (below), NBC actress, will win. Friends of Annette Hanshaw (right), "Show Boat" singer, think she should be the queen.



Barnes



John

whose daily work is with radio. These men and women, who are members of our Board of Review, are scattered from coast to coast. When the winner is picked, you'll know that her votes came from every section of these United States. Whoever heard of a more representative contest?

There'll be none of that goo-gooing and pretty smiling to win judges' favors. For this is a contest that will be judged entirely from photographs. And the camera, you know, doesn't lie. Retouched photos, hand paintings and otherwise fancy pictures don't count. Just plain, ordinary photographs allowed.

When Miss Radio of 1934 has been duly selected, her picture and facts about her will be given in RADIO STARS in the earliest possible issue.

Have you made your nominations? You've only the first ten days in September to do it. So read the rules on page 100, get out your pencil, do some writing on the coupon on page 100, and then send it in.

Perhaps your favorite will win.

And thank how pleased she will be for your interest in her.

(Continued on page 9)

DID YOU HAVE A NICE VACATION? WELL, OUR CAMERAMAN DID. JUST



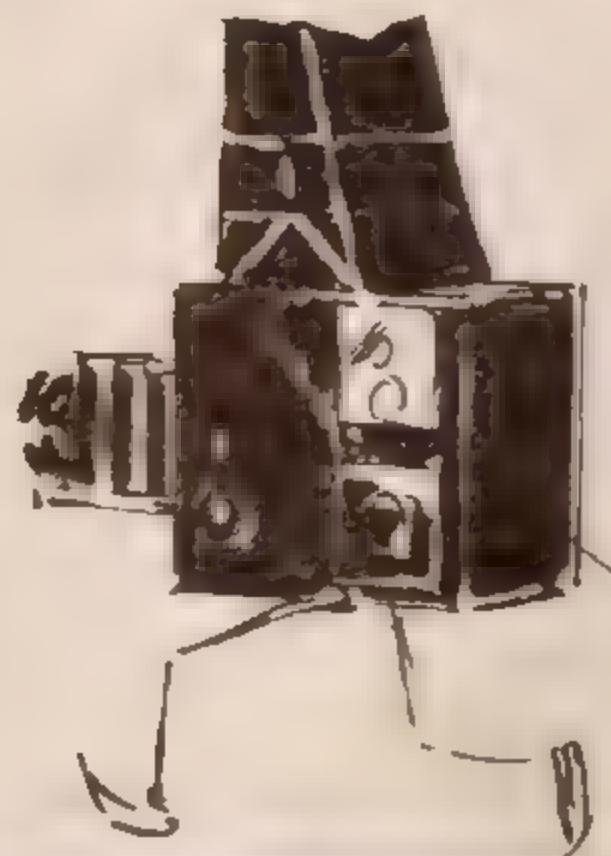
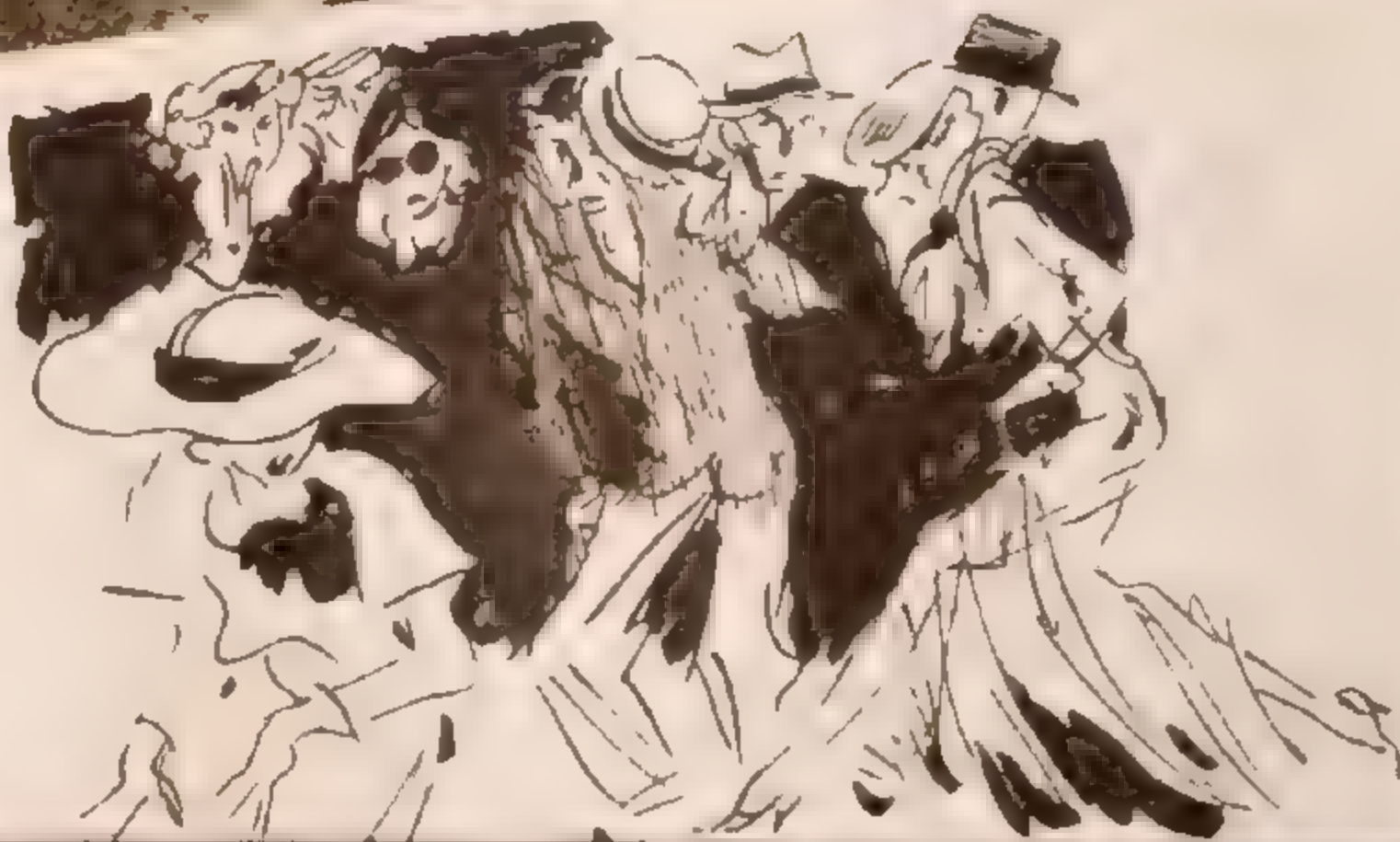
(Above) The lass in white is Lee Wiley who dramatizes her songs on Paul Whiteman's Music Hall broadcasts. With her is Deems Taylor who was the master of ceremonies on that program until recently.



(Above) Here they are, the General Tire salesmen, enroute to New York after picture making in Hollywood. Left to right, Announcer Don Wilson, Singer Frank Parker, Mary Livingston and Jack Benny.



(Above) Joys reign. Here are Bruce, age 6, and Lois, age 5, with their mother, Alice Joy, dream singer. (Above, right) CBS Conductor Freddie Rich, left, and Crooner Nick Lucas, right, pause after golfing with Paul Runyon, professional.



gadding about with

LOOK WHOM HE RAN AROUND WITH THESE PAST WEEKS. SNAP JOB, HUH?

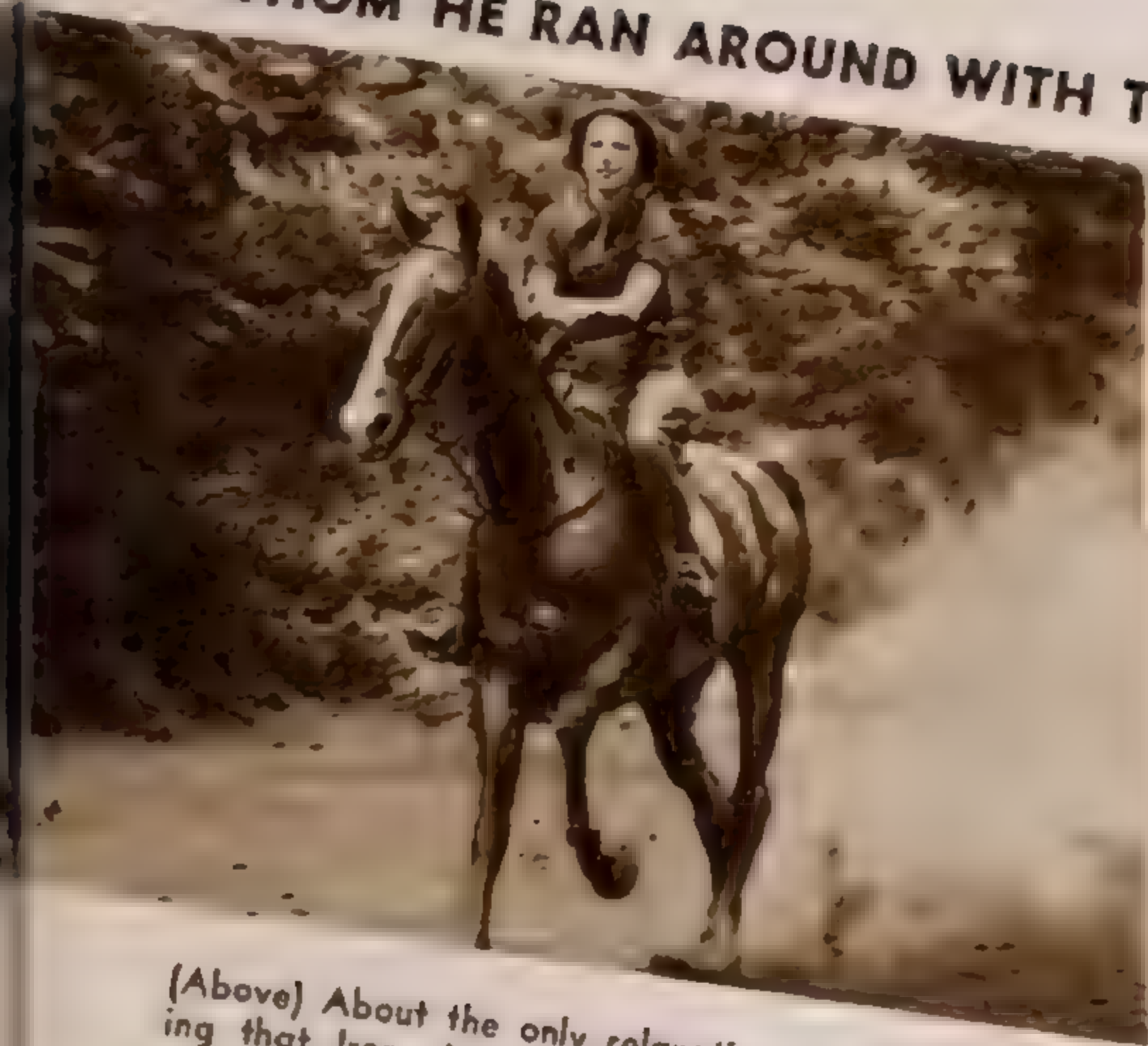
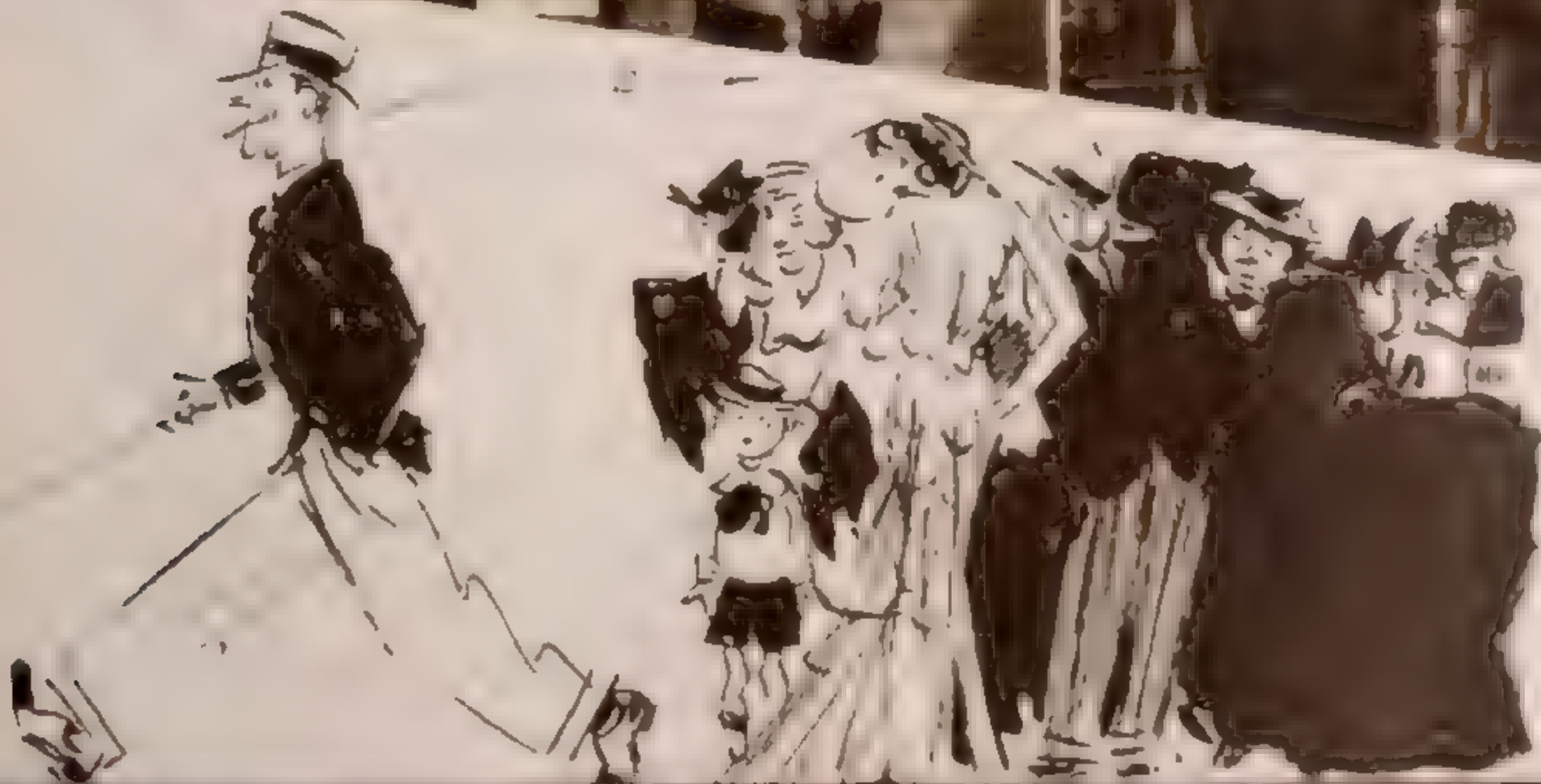


Photo News

(Above) About the only relaxation from broadcasting that Irene Wicker, "The Singing Lady," finds time for, is riding "Bourbon Bell" in Lincoln Park, Chicago. She always rides three days a week.

(Above) Cameramen seem to be everywhere and editors aren't immune. Curtis Mitchell, left, editor of RADIO STARS, presents Andre Kostelanetz, CBS orchestra leader, a medal for Distinguished Service.



(Above, left) A stroke of the pen and Lanny Ross' contract with "Show Boat" is extended. With him are R. S. Butler, vice president of General Foods, and Muriel Wilson. (Above) Frances Langford and Donald Novis of the Colgate program

our candid camera

gadding about with



(Above) after years of steady work, Jessica Dragonette had her first real vacation this summer. Here she is on the Board Walk at Atlantic City. (Below) "Eno Crime Clues" is on the air. Left to right, Edward Reese (Spencer Dean), Louis Hector and Jay Hanna, director.

(Above) "Eat your dinner like a good little man," says Phil Baker, the Armour Jester, to Bottle, his faithful butler who, in real life, is Harry McNaughton. (Below) Robert Simmons, the Missouri tenor who made good in the big city as radio tenor on many popular programs.



our candid camera



(Right) Frank Crumit, left, and Parker Fennelly as "Uncle Abner" put the spice in "The Spotlight Revue," the CBS Friday night program of stars. (Lower right) Little Jackie Heller takes Gale Page out for a spin on his boat on the Great Lakes.



(Above) John White, the Lonesome Cowboy, has a vacation out west where he can gather songs for his "Death Valley Days" programs. (Below) Nothing to brag about, but a fish is a fish to Morton Downey.





Isham Jones

WITH HIS MASK OFF

FOR two years he called me "the kid." Just "Kid," if he was speaking to me. For most of the first year I called him Mr. Jones," and when I spoke to him, which wasn't too often, I said, "Yes, Sir."

This is the story of how the man I work for, who happens to be top-hole with me, got to be "Ish" to me and to the rest of the band he got together about five years ago.

They say the first five years are the hardest. I can only hope that the next five of my life, and the five after that, will be as full of interest and fun—yes, and work too—as those I've spent on the first job I landed after I left college.

Some people finish school, or school finishes them. I hardly know how to describe my own exit, except that to have your school band booked into St. Louis for a twenty-seven weeks' run looks a lot more exciting to a fellow of nineteen than staying on the campus to finish

(Above, left) Eddie Stone the author of this story and soloist with Jones' band. (Right) The director-composer himself, Isham Jones, unmasked.

HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU WONDERED IF THIS DIGNIFIED AND RESERVED MAESTRO IS THE REAL ISHAM JONES? ONE OF HIS "BOYS" GIVES YOU THE INSIDE LOWDOWN ON THE "OLD" MAN BEHIND THE MUSIC

By Eddie Stone

(Right) Next to leading a band, Jones likes best to play the piano.



that course in second year chemistry and composition. Came the dawn, however, of the last day of the twenty-seventh week. As head of the orchestra, I had been doing pretty well financially. I had bought a Packard and had plenty of money to spend. But when our booker got us St. Louis he had apparently done his day's work, for there weren't any more spots for us to move to. So I climbed into the Packard, with at least part of my last week's takings in my pocket, and headed for Chicago and the office of the erring agent.

"Why don't you take a run over to Milwaukee?" he suggested. "Isham Jones is there at the Shrader with a new band he's just shaping up. He's still short a singer and you might get the job."

"Thanks for the tip," I came back. "but I'm buying a round trip ticket. Have another idea thought up by the time I get back tomorrow night."

That afternoon at the Shrader I tried to see Isham Jones, but instead I drew his manager. This gentleman wasn't impressed and didn't think the boss would care to interview me. There was nothing to be gained by giving him an argument, so I inquired of the bellhop as to where Mr. Jones ate breakfast.

The next morning I went down to the hotel's coffee shop and began drinking coffee. At about the fourth cup I saw him come in, alone, and order breakfast. I waited until it came and he began to eat. My heart was thumping. It was my first real attempt to land a job, but something made me resolve to get it or die in the attempt. I think it was annoyance at the manager's reception as much as the fact that I was down to my last six dollars.

When I made myself go over to his table, tell my little story, and ask for a hearing, Isham looked at me dubiously. He wasn't sure he needed a singer. But his kindness of heart got the better of him. Before he had finished breakfast he had agreed that it would do no special harm to listen to me sing.

Time for rehearsal came at last. I was hanging around and had tried to make friends with several of the boys.

All new themselves, they were sympathetic. The manager glowered at me, but I pretended not to notice. My knees were trembling. I hadn't even brought my violin and I was to play along with the band, as well as sing by myself.

Then Jones came in and with a borrowed instrument under my chin I stood up for my ordeal. The boys, as they had promised, carried on pretty strongly and covered up the sour notes on the fiddle.

When told to sing "just anything" I timidly warbled "I May Be Wrong." Jones looked non-committal and asked for another. I tried "Crying for the Carolines" and ended the second chorus on a note an octave higher than it was written. That smart track was later to get me into trouble, but at the time Isham just said, "Okay, Kid, you're hired. Show up in your tux tonight at seven."

My strong liking for "the old man" began at that moment. "Thank you, Sir," I answered, trying to control my joy. "But I'll have to run back to Chicago for the tux. I didn't bring any clothes, because how did I know I'd get the job?"

The fact that I was still hired after this dumb crack will give you some idea of the decent chap that Isham Jones is.

The first week was so awful that I broke into a cold sweat when I remember it. Nothing but Jones' faith in his hunches kept me with the band. Mrs. Jones, listening from Chicago to all our broadcasts, sent word that "Your new singer is pretty terrible. Isham, but he has something different." The fan mail continued the first part of her opinion in no uncertain terms. It looked as if everyone in Milwaukee and the environs had taken pen in hand to tell the conductor at the Shrader how little we thought of his star singer.

Finally I got in courage to go to Jones and try to explain that that high note at the end of "Carolines" was just an accident. My voice is pitched very low and the songs I was being given were all too high in their arrangements. Again the boss looked (Continued on page 75)

THE *Maria* YOU

A SECRET LOVE AND DEVOTION DROVE HER FROM FAILURE TO
SUCCESS. TODAY SHE IS QUEEN OF ALL SHE SURVEYS, AND
HER DREAMS OF FAME FOR SOMEBODY ELSE ARE COMING TRUE



It takes food to get along in life. You see, a food company pays the salaries of these folk.
Left to right: Lanny Ross, Irene Hubbard, Muriel Wilson and Conrad Thibault.

By Iris Ann Carroll

*"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray, love, remember . . ."*

A WOMAN'S sweet voice spoke those sad, heart-rending words of the mad Ophelia, driven into melancholy by the Melancholy Dane, Hamlet, whom she loved too well. Words conceived by the great Shakespeare, spoken now into an invention three hundred years younger than the great dramatist! Words spoken into a microphone by a woman who knew sorrow and torture and *hope*!

"Lousy!"

So spoke the busy executive listening, in his palatial office, to the audition of an unknown actress, Irene Hubbard.

"Lousy. Turn it off."

In the little audition room the woman waited eagerly.

"We have your name and address," said the girl who came in to her. "If we need you we'll let you know."

Weary, desperately weary, Irene Hubbard tried to

smile and left the great building on Fifth Avenue, New York, which in those days housed the National Broadcasting Company. As she started toward the elevator, out of sight of the smug secretary of the busy executive, her shoulders drooped with the weight of her heart leaden with sudden hopelessness.

Only the few people who know Irene Hubbard well—the same Irene Hubbard who is heard on the "Show Boat" hour with Cap'n Henry, and who early last summer was given a program of her own—"Maria's Certo Matinee"—know the secret that has driven her from failure to success.

When Irene Hubbard read those lines from "Hamlet" that was the fourth time she had tried to break into radio. No fame-hungry woman was this ambitious actress, for there was more at stake than just success. Yes, there was more—that secret about which I shall tell you.

But let me tell you first about Irene, so that you will better understand the amazing spirit that inspires her. Before she was born, her Russian mother and Cornish

DON'T KNOW . . .



(Left) Irene Hubbard, or the "Maria" you know, in the costume and pose of a story book character. (Below) Here is a good character study of Miss Hubbard, the actress and the mother.



Reynolds

father left the East. Her father was interested in a mine in Mexico and there the young couple hoped to make the fortune that would mean comfort and happiness for the child that was on the way.

When the two lovers reached Texas they realized that it would not be long before that child would be born to them. Irene's father, knowing the turmoil and uncertainty of Mexico in those days, decided it was wiser to go alone. Before he returned from his dangerous sojourn into the Mexican wilderness, a daughter was born to his wife. They named the child "Irene."

Irene Hubbard grew into an attractive, ambitious girl who, in her late teens, landed at Vassar and her destiny, dramatics. She loved every moment of it. And I don't need to tell you that her dearest love was Shakespeare. She tried out and was chosen for every Shakespearean play that the dramatic club put on.

When she left school, Irene persuaded a relative to put in a word for her with the producer of a Shakespearean repertory company. She got the job.

Then she fell in love with an actor. And later, with Romeo.

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite."

The sonorous, inspiring words (Continued on page 76)

Behind the Scenes With

(Below) J. L. Van Volkenburg,
president and general manager
of station KMOX



(Left) Frank Castanie, engineer, left, and France Laux, right, chief sports announcer.



(Above) When KMOX asked for Christmas gifts for Ozark mountaineers, listeners sent in five tons of materials.

KMOX spreads the Spirit of St. Louis

"YOU are listening to KMOX, the Voice of St. Louis." For nine years that sentence has rung clearly in the ears of the people of the Forty-ninth State.

The Forty-ninth State? you ask. But, I say, old man, there are only forty eight stars on the flag.

True, brother, true. But KMOX has its own state—a territory extending over a radius of about 150 miles in all directions. It's a listening territory. Also a reading territory. You see, the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, one of the early stockholders in KMOX, the 50,000 watt station in St. Louis, Missouri, originated the idea. That territory was claimed as the *Globe Democrat* reading area. And those are the people who get KMOX best. Ask any St. Louisian about the Forty-ninth State. He knows.

If you're curious about this modern, powerful station, which, by the way, is one of the middle west's newest stations, I'd suggest that you visit it on your next trip to St. Louis. You'll find the studios in the Mart Building on Twelfth Boulevard, and there's a big room where visitors may stand and watch the broadcasts through big glass windows.

Like so many of the newer stations, KMOX is the last word in modern studios. Take a look at the reception room. There on the walls are murals depicting the history of St. Louis. That painting of the airplane soaring over the ocean is in memory of Col. Charles Lindbergh's epic making flight. The Colonel, you recall, flew the "Spirit of St. Louis," and calls St. Louis his home town.

Down the hall behind the hostess desk you'll find a row of studios all opening onto a long corridor. Notice the

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE FORTY-NINTH STATE, THE HOME OF KMOX?

America's Great Stations

(Below) The Standard Oil Company is one of KMOX's big clients and here is the cast of its "Live Power Parade" show. Members of the trio, in center, are: Vivian Griffin, left, Jean Chassels and Marie Hamilton, right.



By Cecil B. Sturges

control rooms, built like bay windows so the engineers can see every corner of the studio. Notice, too, the indirect lighting which is quite a help to performing artists.

FURTHER down the hall you'll find the big auditorium. From three to five hundred people crowd into it each morning at the gosh-awful hour of 5 o'clock to watch the "Home Folks Hour" broadcast.

Now here's something that's new in broadcasting. KMOX has its organ console in one studio and the organ pipes in still another room which is a hundred feet away. Imagine the organist in a room by himself playing the accompaniment for a soloist who stands in a sound proof studio in another part of the building! Well, KMOX does just that. The organist hears the singer by means of a loud speaker. But here's the unusual thing. The announcer for that program is in a third room, by himself, where he can hear the singer and the organ only through a loud speaker. And the control engineer is way off in another part of the building, listening in to all three with another loud speaker. Four studios for one program. Why? Oh, just to be different. It's novelty they want.

If you should go up the winding stairs, you'd see a setup not unlike Radio City itself. There are the observation rooms where clients or guests may sit behind glass walls and watch broadcasts. And sit in overstuffed chairs and divans with their feet on carpeted floors!

How did this whole business of KMOX start? Well, it began about ten years ago when Thomas Patrick Con-

vey had the idea that St. Louis and the middle west needed another radio station. Convey was able to sell that idea to several leading organizations like the *Globe-Democrat*, the Hamilton Brown Shoe Company and the Stark Brothers Nursery. So the St. Louis Radio Trades Association was formed and KMOX went on the air in the spring of 1928 as a 5,000-watt station.

THE Hotel Mayfair was a stockholder and KMOX's three studios were located in that building. Before long, a fourth studio was added. Then Mr. Convey resigned after about eight months and Nelson Darragh stepped in. By 1928 he had secured control.

You should know, however, that the Columbia Broadcasting System had always been interested. KMOX was one of the twenty stations making up the original CBS network. In fact, KMOX carried the first program ever broadcast by the network in 1928.

Columbia executives in New York saw great possibilities in a powerful transmitter on the banks of the Mississippi. So, when KMOX went to 50,000 watts, CBS helped foot the bill and bought an interest. By May 1, 1933, Columbia had assumed full control.

Today there sits behind the door labeled "President" a man who knows radio. He knows it from an entertainment viewpoint because not so many years ago he was a radio artist, singing and playing over Minneapolis stations. He knows it from the advertising angle, for he was an executive in a big advertising agency which produces some of the air's best fare. (Continued on page 80)

Behind the Scenes With



Meet the Ozark Mountaineers who get up before daybreak to play on the "Home Folks Hour."



Lee Little is the poet of "Songs at Eventide," a CBS program broadcast from KMOX studios.



Ken Wright at the console of his new organ. Lots of work, huh, with all those keyboards?

WHEN you hear the terse statement "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System," it doesn't necessarily mean that the program you have just heard came from the stately studios of New York, or the modern new building in Chicago or even the sun-kissed microphones of California. At least twenty-five times a week it means KMOX, the Voice of St. Louis.

KMOX is an amazing station really. Surprising things happen there. For instance, there's an advertiser out in the middle-west still wide-eyed at the results he got when he placed a brief announcement on a program which hit the air at the unholy hour of 5:30 in the morning.

And the countryside is still jittery from the shock it received when it heard that, if anyone wished to witness a broadcast, he would be admitted to the studio if he brought with him a piece of wearable or eatable merchandise. Imagine using baby shoes, long underwear or a can of beans for a ticket! Things like that happen at KMOX.

If you live in that great territory where KMOX reception is possible, and if you've ever been up early enough to see the sun come up to stretch, then maybe you've heard the "Home Folks Hour" on this Missouri station. It's a program that rides the waves at 5:30 o'clock every morning except Sunday.

And believe it or not, people from Missouri and Illinois

flock to the KMOX studios to the tune of 500 every morning. How do they do it? Well, those mid-western folk, especially on the farm, have to get up early. Their work demands it. And when they drive into St. Louis to market their produce, they go around to KMOX to see the show. They've told others, and so the steady stream continues.

Don't think this is just a novelty program. Missourians have to be shown, and KMOX does it with ninety minutes of wholesome variety. If letters are any indication, listeners have put their stamp of approval securely upon the show. KMOX is on the air seventeen hours a day, but "Home Folks Hour" draws more mail than any other single program.

Look what happened last March on this program. And remember—at 5:30 A. M.

The Interstate Nurseries of Hamburg, Iowa, bought an announcement on this program offering ten gladiolus bulbs for twenty-five cents postpaid. And Uncle Sam's letter carriers haven't gotten over the ordeal yet. More than 4000 quarters came in response. The exact number was 4370 or an average of 146 daily for thirty consecutive days. This was a cash return to the advertiser of \$1092.50. His bill for the use of KMOX was \$450.

But that isn't all of the mail story. During the same month workers at the Geppert Studios of Des Moines had

WHILE MOST OF US ARE ASLEEP, 500 PERSONS ARE AT KMOX WATCHING

America's Great Stations



KMOX

**their studios
are crowded
at sun-up...**

(Right) Jane Porter runs KMOX's "Magic Kitchen" where food is prepared while recipes are being broadcast. It's a daily feature.

to roll up their sleeves and work over time just because they made an offer on "Home Folks Hour" to make picture enlargements at twenty-five cents each. Three short announcements weekly—and before 6 A. M.—brought in 1080 quarters.

Add to that 1700 letters from listeners who merely wanted to compliment the program. Mix in 2000 more letters coming in response to other advertisements on that program. Call your totals and you'll find there are a lot of people up and about while some of us are snoring away the time.

"Home Folks Hour" is a program with something popping every minute from the time the rooster crows until the 7 o'clock time signal is given. There's Ken Wright, the young organist, who romps all over four keyboards. There's a five-piece hill billy band that does "Turkey in the Straw" like "Turkey in the Straw" should be done. Comedians, singers, yodelers, mandolin players and even a little old busy-body known as "Aunt Sarah" parade before the mike.

This is a program that has done more than mere entertaining. It's the one that brought in five tons of food, clothing and toys as tickets of admission. Last December, the artists (Continued on page 76)



THE "HOME FOLKS HOUR." IT'S AN EYE-OPENER PROGRAM FOR MISSOURI

STRANGE TALES OF STRANGE *Gifts*

THEY ARE SYMBOLS
OF HEARTACHE,
TRAGEDY AND
MURDER—YES, AND
REJOICING AND
APPRECIATION

**By Mary
Jacobs**

Bradley Kincaid, the Kentucky Mountain Troubador over NBC, is on one old lady's payroll for life.



WALK into the office of M. Sayle Taylor, the Voice of Experience. The first thing that catches your eye is a set of lovely alabaster Italian eagles on his desk. Look down—you're standing on a Persian prayer rug, as soft as silk, in subdued shades of tan and maroon and gray.

Come with me to Jessica Dragonette's beautiful apartment. On her library table is a crudely carved wooden inkstand, simple and cheap, strangely out of keeping with the rest of the furnishings.

Visit almost any star's home. You'll see strange and beautiful gifts from fans, from huge paintings to little nick-nacks. Usually there is one gift in particular that each star cherishes. Not because of its value in money, but because of the amazing tale behind it.

For instance, let's go back to the alabaster Italian eagles. They're fit to grace any art collector's gallery. The man who gave them to Dr. Taylor had received them from one of the reigning heads of Europe.

Why were they given to Dr. Taylor? I'll tell you. For the most heart-rending of all reasons. Because the Voice of Experience saved this man's sweet old mother from heartbreak, perhaps even from insanity.

You see, it was this way. Five years ago this man was worth sixteen million dollars. He lived on a gorgeous estate with his mother. Came the stock market crash, and he lost all his money. He pawned everything of value he possessed for their living expenses. Finally there was no money to pay the rent; the landlord grew ugly, threatening. He was dispossessing them, and insisted upon seizing the genteel old lady's belongings for the money due him. They weren't worth much to anyone—just an odd assortment of rings and locket and pictures. But how much they meant to his mother! In these evil days that had come upon her she would finger these trinkets over and over again, for now she lived only in her memories of the past.

THE ex-millionaire was afraid that if she was deprived of these heirlooms, she might lose her reason. What could he do? He had heard Dr. Taylor on the air. This man, he felt, was sympathetic and understood that people did not live by bread alone. It took lots of nerve, let me tell you, to go to the Voice of Experience and ask for charity. But he did it!

Dr. Taylor spent \$300 from the special radio fund he has set aside for such emergencies to pacify the landlord. He moved the two people into new quarters, staked them to a few more dollars, and got the ex-millionaire a job. In appreciation the man sent Dr. Taylor these alabaster eagles.

And now about that prayer rug we walked over so carelessly. It came from a man who had murdered his own child! For sixteen bleak years this father had tossed about on his pillow night after night, unable to think of anything but his horrible crime.

It happened in Greece during the World War. Men and women everywhere were fleeing from the pursuing Turks. To be caught meant certain death. A small band of Greeks, all neighbors, managed to escape into the hills. There were grizzled grandfathers and tense mothers and fathers in that group. There were women hugging infants to their breast. Their only hope of salvation lay in flight across the border.

In this group were Mr. X., his wife, and his young son. Slinking in dark caverns by day, fleeing by night, this band gradually drew near its goal. But a new problem arose. Soon there was no food at all, and the babies and children began to scream in hunger.

The men shivered. They knew what this meant. Certain death for all of them. Or else. . . .

One of them voiced the thought that was in all their minds:

"The Turks will surely hear. (Continued on page 35)



(Above) Gene and Glenn, the kidders, on NBC. Gene's voice once saved the life of a grieving mother. (Below) The eagle, and the rug on which the Voice of Experience kneels come from those whom he has saved from cruel insanity.



RADIO STARS

WHAT'S NEW WITH BANDS? WELL, DON BESTOR AND BUDDY ROGERS HAD A TILT. BERNIE WILL BE BACK THE 18th



LICKSON



(Left) Charlie Davis directs the Hollywood Restaurant band on NBC. The little maestro below is David Jones directing for his dad, Isham Jones.



SEYMOUR

The BAND

MORE years ago than he cares to admit, Jack Denny, the ork batonist, ran away from De Pauw University to follow his fortunes and carve a musical career. Now, after all these years, De Pauw is awarding Jack the honorary degree of Doctor of Music. This is the college where Jack's father occupies a chair in history.

● Don Bestor, pilot of the Hotel Pennsylvania orchestra, and Buddy Rogers, the ex-movie actor who took up band work, had long distance blows not so long ago when broadcasts showed both men using a vibroharp in their orchestras. Don had been given exclusive rights to the instrument for one year. Somehow, Buddy got hold of one. Telegrams between the two keep Western Union and Postal boys' legs busy. Don won. He still has his vibroharp and exclusively, too.

● The father and mother of Claude Hopkins, the Negro band director featured by CBS, are members of the faculty of Howard University at Washington. Claude is a graduate of that school.

● Sam Robbins, the diminutive director at New York's McAlpin Hotel, spent part of his summer packed in cracked ice. Sammy was threatened with an appendix operation, but the packs relieved his pain (and the summer heat) and now perhaps an operation won't be necessary.

● NBC officials attempted to gauge the radio wishes of listeners by giving each visitor to its studios a questionnaire to be filled out. If the results really mean anything, then dance music should demand 27.3 per cent of all broadcasting time. But did you know that actually 30.4 per cent of all radio programs are made up of dance music?



RADIO STARS

(Left) Lud Gluskin came from Europe to direct the band on CBS's "Summer Interlude." (Below) Emil Velazco built a dance combo around an organ for the CBS.



McElliott

**By Nelson
Keller**

BOX



Kessler

(Right) Al Kavelin and his band is the reason so many New Yorkers are flocking to the Hotel Lexington. You can hear him over NBC stations.



Lawson

- Did you ever hear of an orchestra leader directing his men while sitting down? That's what Mark Warnow does when playing for Lazy Bill Huggins over at CBS. It's really the laziest program we've ever seen. Singer Huggins sits, Director Warnow sits, the bandmen sit, the announcer and the production men sit.
- Up to the first of August the following were the most played songs of radio: *Cocktails for Two*, *All I Do Is Dream of You*, *Sleepyhead*, *I Wish I Were Twins*, *For All We Know*, *With My Eyes Wide Open*, *Spellbound*, *Got a Warm Spot*, *My Hat's on the Side of My Head*, *Never Had a Chance* and *I Ain't Lazy*.
- Ben Bernie, who is having his first real vacation in four years, is due to return to NBC September 18th.
- "Judy" is the title of a new song by Hoagy Carmichael which you'll be hearing soon. Carmichael is the man who has produced such hits as "Lazy Bones," "Star Dust" and "Old Rocking Chair."

- Joe Morrison, after appearing in "The Old Fashioned Way," a Paramount movie, shows great promise of being a big name in Hollywood. But isn't it odd how the whole matter of Joe's climb came about? Less than ten months ago, he was singing vocals with George Olsen's orchestra at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. Then along came Billy Hill's song, "The Last Round-Up," which was intended for the Ziegfeld Folies but which, by mere chance, Joe first sang over the air. As that song caught on, so did Joe. Paramount featured him on its Broadway stage, then signed him for pictures. In the meantime, everyone has forgotten that there ever was written such a song as "The Last Round-Up."
- When Morton Downey and Henry Busse were traveling with Whiteman, Henry would often steal into Mort's room about noon with a quart of ice cream and wake the tenor, just to see him beam. That was over ten years ago, but Mort still blames ro-

- tund Henry for adding to his poundage, although everyone knows that Mort always puts away from two to six ice cream sodas a day. Recently, however, Barney McDevitt, Mort's boss, has been cracking down on him and the tenor has developed a more sylphlike form. Then Morton went to Chicago's Chez Parce for an engagement. Henry Busse's orchestra provides the music there and the two former Whiteman followers renewed old times. First morning of the engagement Henry was up early and hurried to Downey's suite at the Lake Shore Drive hotel with a quart of ice cream, woke Downey and saw his face light up as of old. Now Downey is on the gain again. And he's already no underweight.
- Al Bonahue, the ork leader, is the proud father of a boy, born in July. Albert Gallatin is the name given the baby. Papa has been spending the summer playing at the Monte Carlo Casino but will be back on NBC. He's due for a buildup.

The ANSWER MAN ANSWERS

(Right) Frank Buck, the animal bringer-backer, is on the air while Amos 'n' Andy have a vacation. Reposing on his neck, and disguised as a garter snake getting some inside information, is the good old Answer Man.



**SATISFY YOUR CURIOSITY AND PERHAPS YOUR POCKETBOOK'S HUNGER
BY JOINING THE ANSWER MAN'S CURIOSITY POPULARITY CONTEST**

FLASH! FLESH! FLUSH!!!

Which blatant, Winchellesque clarion call means that Uncle Answer Man in the flesh is flush with ideas flashing through his mind.

Jealous of the success of RADIO STARS' popularity contests, he is conducting one of his own among question askers, with prizes of \$5.00, \$3.00 and \$2.00. The winners will be judged on the merits of the things they DO NOT do, such as, for example, frinstance:

1. Do not ask for personal replies to their questions
2. Do not ask for the addresses of radio artists.
3. Do not ask about non network stars.
4. Do not ask their replies he answered in the next issue. (You'd be surprised how practically impossible that is.)
5. Do not ask a question that has just been answered an issue or two before.
6. Do not ask more than two questions.

The three letters that do these things least, yet ask two straightforward, sensible questions in the neatest, most concise manner possible, win \$5.00, \$3.00 and \$2.00 in order of their merit. Letters mailed before midnight, September 15th, 1934, will be eligible. Address questions, whether you want to be a curiosity popularity contest winner or not, to The Answer Man, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. Winners will be announced in the November issue.

If all this works out, maybe we'll create an award for Distinguished Service to Uncle Answer Man.

Q. Hey, Toots, howabout straightening out this business of who plays Mother Moran and Kay Norton in "Today's Children?" Also who plays Eileen Moran and Bob Crane? Also who writes the sketches. Also—oh, let it go at that.

A. Well Mother Moran is played by Inna Phillips. But on the other hand, Kay Norton is played by Inna

Phillips. Then again, the sketches are written by one Inna Phillips. So there you are. Eileen Moran is played by Irene Wicker, and Bob is Walter Wicker, her husband in real life.

Q. Are Marion and Jim Jordan engaged?

A. No, that's all over. They're married now.

Q. At least fifty-one people believe your Uncle when he says that the questions asked the most number of times are the ones that will be answered. That number of people signed Miss Matilda Landsman's plea to know more about Eddie Duchin.

A. Matilda and Company, if you'd had one more person asking about Duchin, I could have answered it. I could have told you that he was born and brought up in Boston, Massachusetts. I could say that his drug store chain owning father intended that he should be a pharmacist. I could write that he got his start when he organized a three-piece orchestra, consisting of a saxophone, piano and fiddle, at a summer camp where he worked. I might even tell you that in the summer of his junior year at Pharmacy College, Eddie won an audition with Leo Reisman and played with him at the old Waldorf Astoria in New York and later at the Central Park Casino. It was there, while tables full of adoring debutantes looked at this handsome young musician that his piano playing became so popular he was given an opportunity to lead his own orchestra there. Yes, and I could have said that he is tall, dark and handsome, but I don't think I'd have mentioned the fact that he swears he is a confirmed bachelor. I might have disappointed too many of you. But then, since you haven't quite enough names, Matilda, I can't write anything at all.

Q. Caught you fibbing again, Unkie. You said Little Jackie Heller wasn't married. He is.

A. He is not.

Q. He is so

(Continued on page 88)

Tried to see a BROADCAST

IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE EASY TO GET
INTO A BROADCAST, BUT HERE'S
THE EXPERIENCE OF ONE WHO TRIED



The above picture was taken in Studio 8-H at Radio City where 1200 people may be accommodated during a broadcast. Here you see a crowd watching a Cities Service broadcast.

(From the correspondence of Stanley Nelson)

Cedarhurst, Long Island

April 10, 1934

Editor, RADIO STARS

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Dear Friend:—

Every month I read your magazine, which I think is the best radio magazine published. It certainly has some well stories in it and I can't hardly wait to get it each time it is printed.

Now I wonder if you would do a little favor for me. A fellow like you must certainly have some "drag" with the radio stations and it wouldn't be any trouble for you to get me a couple of tickets to a broadcast. I would much rather have the tickets for a Radio City broadcast, as I would also like to see Radio City. So would you please send me two tickets for the Chase & Sanborn program on next Sunday night?

Very truly yours,

STANLEY NELSON

RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue

New York City, April 13, 1934

Mr. Stanley Nelson,

Cedarhurst, L. I.

Dear Mr. Nelson:

I am very sorry that I cannot comply with your request

for tickets to a broadcast, but so many readers write letters similar to yours that it would be impossible to take care of them all. My suggestion is that you write directly to the National Broadcasting Co., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C., or the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., and request tickets from them.

Very truly yours,

Curtis Mitchell, Editor

May 6, 1934

Mr. Curtis Mitchell, Editor, RADIO STARS

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Dear Friend:

Well, Mr. Mitchell, your idea of writing to the broadcasting companies was not so "hot" like you said. I wrote a letter to the National Broadcasting Company and said: "Would it be possible for me to get a pair of tickets for the Chase & Sanborn program? It is, may I have them for the soonest possible Sunday night?"

Well, I sent them the letter, Mr. Mitchell, and then I just sat and sat and waited and waited.

Finally I got an answer. They didn't bother sending me a letter. They just sent me a printed card saying: "We appreciate your desire to attend a broadcast and regret that it is impossible to comply with your request for broadcast tickets. Alas, we are not in a position to admit you to a broadcast." We continued on page 94.



A gang of huskies, these Revelers. And they owe it to three squares a day. L. to r.: Wilfred Glenn, Elliott Shaw, Lewis James and Robert Simmons.

R. L. Jackson

Food Fit for Kings of the Air

I took a visit to the home of Wilfred Glenn, basso of the Revelers, to show me that the greatest invention was not the radio, nor the steam shovel, nor the submarine, nor the harvesting machine.

No joking, folks, science's greatest gift to mankind is the lowly tin can.

After the dinner Mrs. Glenn set before us, no one could disprove this. And it suddenly occurred to me that many of you may not know about some of the wonders that come in cans. Such things as cakes ready to add milk and put into the oven. Roasts that take less than fifteen minutes to cook and serve. Every conceivable kind of soup and vegetables, all fruits and juices. Besides jars of olives, spices and sauces, relishes, pickles, all shapes, sizes and kinds, conserves, preserves and hor d'oeuvres.

Bill Glenn was once actually noted for making a nuisance of himself—and I have this from no less an authority than his wife—by his hobby in kitchen concoctions. Along Radio Row he is known for the strange and wondrous dishes that suddenly appeared after he went through long, elaborate and mysterious rites

behind a stove. Everyone was welcome at the Glenn domicile to partake and praise.

That was quite all right, says his Missus. Guests are a pleasure, but Bill was not always at home to greet them in his white starched apron. And more than once his frau had been put on the spot, for she doesn't boast her husband's skill in his self-imposed art.

This went on for years, but now, she tells me, her problems are solved. No unexpected guest, be it the president of NBC himself, can jolt her into a dither. For when said guest arrives at the dinner hour, insisting that he can't possibly tarry, she calmly steps into her pantry and runs an experienced eye over well-stocked shelves.

It's always a good idea to be sure your first course, whether for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, is an appetite-inducer. Because there is some psychic connection in which the mind assures

the stomach that the rest of the meal will measure up if the first course is tasty.

Breakfast is a difficult meal to put over. But it's very important for it starts the day and (Continued on page 70)

**By Mrs. Alice
Paige Monroe**

**Do you know the surest way
of getting sufficient vitamins?**

**Do you know that there are
many ways to prepare one
can of food?**

**Do you know there are roasts
that take only fifteen minutes
to cook and serve?**

HOW DO YOU TREAT THE GUEST WHO ARRIVES UNEXPECTEDLY AT DINNER?

Keep young and Beautiful

WHEN YOUR SUN-TAN
TURNS SALLOW-TAN,
DEPEND ON YOUR
MAKEUP TO COME TO
THE RESCUE

By *Carolyn*
Belmont

You all know Babs Ryan, orchid snatcher with the Waring band. She says it's a wise lass who takes off that faded sun-tan when she puts away her summer clothes. Note Bab's lovely hair and hands.



SCOTT

YOU may have thrilled the lifeguard at the beach this past summer, but it would be a hard job to turn that young man's head in the cool, clear light of an autumn day, for while you may still boast your nymph-like figure, your hair looks like the top of a faded haystack and your glorious sun-tan is fast becoming fallow-tan. After being buttoned up in fall frocks for a week or so, your face takes on one shade and your neck, arms and shoulders several others, until you are ready to give up in despair when you slip into an evening gown.

Well, first of all, let's consider your hair after the summer sun. Some of you have been telling me that you just can't do anything with it. But you can, and quickly get it back to normal, besides enhancing its natural beauty.

What your hair needs more than anything is plenty of

oil and attention to remedy what the sun has done to it. Get any good oil. Warm it and then rub thoroughly into the scalp. If your hair is discolored and streaked and the ends are brittle and split, apply the oil to the hair itself.

After the scalp and hair are saturated, steam with Turkish towels wrung out in very hot water. This opens the pores and lets the oil penetrate. After the third hot towel, massage the scalp. Begin at the base of the skull. Place fingertips of both hands on the head and with a rotary movement of each finger move and twist the scalp. Do this until the scalp feels loose, then steam with several more towels. Now wrap the head carefully in a dry towel and hop into bed. The next morning, shampoo, washing with three or four soaps and at least half a dozen rinsings. Be sure to get every speck of soap out of the hair. If it squeaks when (Continued on page 8)



Debonair Eddie
Duchin, NBC
orchestra pilot.

Jackson

Programs Day by Day

SUNDAYS

(September 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th.)

- 9:00 A.M. EDT (1/2)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio. WEAFF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 9:00 EDT—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. Children's program. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WPD, WICC, WDOD, WBNS, WLBW, WGLC, KLRA, WREC, WLAC, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOG, WMAS, WSJS, WOTR. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 9:00 EDT (1)—NBC Children's Hour. Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 9:30 EDT (1/4)—Ellsworth Vines, Jr. Serving tennis talks. WEAFF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EDT (1/2)—Southernaires Quartet. Melodies from Dixie. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EDT (1/2)—Sabbath Reveries. Dr. Charles L. Goodell. Mixed quartet. WEAFF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:00 EDT (5 min.)—News Service. WEAFF, WJZ and NBC red and blue networks. Station list unavailable.
- 11:05 EDT (25 min.)—Morning musicale. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:30 EDT (1)—Major Bowes Capitol Family. Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, ten.; The Guardians; male quartet; symphony orchestra, Waldo Mayo, conductor. WEAFF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:30 EDT (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WRRM, WHK, CKLW, WHAS, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WBRG, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KLZ, WLBW, KTRH, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WDBJ, KSL, WTOG, KSCJ, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WKBN. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 12:30 P.M. EDT (1)—Radio City Concerts; Symphony Orchestra; Chorus; Soloists. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:00 EDT (1/2)—Ann Leaf at the Organ. WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, CKLW, WDRG, KMBC, WHAS, WIP, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WBT, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WLBW, WGLC, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KSCJ, WSBT, CFRB, KTUL, WMT, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, WALA, WDNC, WHK, CKAC, WHP, KDB, KTRH, KOIN. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 1:00 EDT (1/2)—Road to Romany: Gypsy Music. WEAFF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:30 EDT (1/2)—The Sunday Forum. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman. Music and male quartet.

ONE MORE MONTH,
BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
WE'LL KNOCK THE DAY-
LIGHTS OUT OF SAVING
TIME. UNTIL THEN, USE
THE TIME CONVERSION
CHART BELOW. IT
SAVES HEADACHES

Eastern Daylight Saving Time	Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time	Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time	Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time	Pacific Standard Time
1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.
2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.
3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.
4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.
5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.
6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.
7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.
8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.
9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.
10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.
11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.
12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.
1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.
2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.
3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.
4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon
5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.
6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.
7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.
8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.
9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.
10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.
11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.
12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.

- WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:30 EDT (1/2)—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges Orchestra; guest artists. (B. T. Babbitt and Co.) WEAFF, WTAG, WJAR, WFI, WFBR, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WEEL, WMAQ, WOSH, WRC, WWJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF.
- 2:00 EDT (1/2)—(Crazy Water Hotel Company.) WEAFF, WWJ, WWNC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WOSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WTAM, WCAE, WMAQ, WPTF,

- WKY, WLW, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KVOO, WOW, WRVA, WIS, WJAX, WFLA, WMO, WAPI, WSMB, WOC, WHO.
- 2:30 EDT (1/2)—Landi Trio and White with Peg LaCentra, singer and Eddie Connors' Novelty Orchestra. Songs and comedy. WEAFF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 3:00 EDT (1)—Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Victor Kolar, conductor. From Century of Progress, Chicago. WABC, WAE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WFRM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WLBZ, WBRG, WICC, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFBL, WREC, WCCO, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WDBJ, KSL, KTSB, WTOG, WHP, WADC, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WLBW, CFRB, KTUL, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, KTRH, KOIN, WALA, WDNC, WNOX, WISN. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 3:00 EDT (1/2)—Bar X Days and Nights. (Health Products.) WJZ, WBAL, WSYR, KDKA, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, KWK, KWC, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KYW.
- 3:00 EDT (1/2)—Talkie Picture Time. Dramatic sketches. (Luxor, Ltd.) WEAFF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WOSH, WLIT, WRC, WFBR, WGY, WCAE, WSAI, WOW, WMAQ, WDAF, WSM, WMC, WOC, KSD, WBN, WTAM, WWJ, WHO, WAPI, WSB, WJDX, WSMB.
- 4:00 EDT (1/2)—Buffalo Variety Workshop—Featuring Harold Austin's Orchestra with Jack Quinlan, baritone, and Olive Adams blues singer. WABC, WAE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WFRM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WLBZ, WBRG, WICC, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSAI, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, KOH, WDBJ, KSL, WHP, WTOG, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WLBW, CFRB, KTUL, WFT, WSJS, WALA, WDNC, WNOX, KDB, WADC, KTRH, KOIN. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 4:00 EDT (1)—Chicago Symphony Orchestra from Century of Progress. WEAFF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 5:00 EDT (1/2)—National Vespers: Visiting ministers. Music and mixed quartet. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 5:30 EDT (1/2)—Chicago A Capella Choir Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's orchestra. (Hoover.) WEAFF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WOSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WLW.
- 5:30 EDT (1/2)—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. (General Baking.) WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WCAU-W3XAU, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WICC, WBNS, WTAG, WHEC, WWVA, WORC, WMAS, WADC, WFRM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KTUL, WDSU, KOMA, KFI, WIBX.

(Continued on page 87)

"This is why I prefer Camels —"

Mrs. Henry Field
OF CHICAGO



■ Before her marriage to the grandson of Marshall Field, the founder of the family, Mrs. Henry Field went to school in Washington, in Switzerland, and in England. She collects French and American contemporary paintings, she writes, she plays, she is keenly interested in the theatre, and she prefers travelling by air. She loves to dance, goes constantly to balls and parties, and always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"The main reason I like Camels so much better than other cigarettes is because they taste better," says Mrs. Field. "I can smoke as many as I want because they are mild and don't make my nerves jumpy. I find, when I am tired, that smoking a Camel renews my energy, gives me a 'lift.'"

Camel smokers have noticed for a long time that they do get an increase in their flow of energy from Camels. This release of your latent energy is produced by Camels in a wholly safe and natural way. So, whenever you feel tired—smoke a mild, fragrant, refreshing Camel.

Camels are Milder

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM THE MOST
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO IS
TURKISH AND DOMESTIC THAN
ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND





...fred waring

Have Dainty Legs Avoid All Re-growths

MAKE UGLY LEG & ARM HAIR

INVISIBLE with

MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash



New Black & Gold
Packets 1934



"**D**ARK hair on arms and legs used to drive me to tears," writes a woman. "I shaved it off. I tried rubbing it off with a sand paper gadget. But back it grew every time, coarser and blacker than ever. On a friend's advice, I used Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. (It actually made the hair invisible.) Everything you say about it is true. I have no more worries about re-growths or skin irritations. I'm not afraid to show off my arms and legs now!"

Just another case of a girl who tried to stop natural hair growth, but only stimulated it instead. Nature won't let you destroy hair growth. But nature will let you take the blackness, the real ugliness out of excess hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it like the light, unnoticeable down on the blonde.

Easy, safe to do at home. Excess hair stays invisible indefinitely. Takes only 20-30 minutes. Inexpensive. Refuse substitutes if you want the results. Get genuine Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Now a shampoo that brings out the hidden beauty of the hair—Natural lustre and color—soft, caressable texture. The new Marchand's Castile Shampoo cleanses perfectly and rinses completely—that's why it leaves hair so lustrous.

For everyone—brunettes, blondes, titians. Does not lighten or change the color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo. This New product is entirely different from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, which is used to lighten hair.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail—Use Coupon Below

Marchand's Hair Experts Develop
Marvelous New Castile Shampoo
to Cleanse All Shades of Hair

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps)
Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, M.M. 1934.

Name

Address

CITY

State

Food Fit for Kings of the Air

(Continued from page 64)

a good beginning promises a similar ending. Inject a dash of color and charm into the menus, linens and china.

Fruit juices (no, you don't have to squeeze any more), tomato and kranit juice awakens the appetite. Followed with, say, muffins with jam, jelly or mineralade and a beverage—and the breakfast is on.

BY the way, don't hesitate on hurried week-day mornings to tackle muffins, biscuits, waffles, flap-jacks and quick breads, for now all you have to do is add milk or water to flours already prepared.

Not many of us have difficulty with luncheons, for a hot dish and a salad is sure to satisfy. Macaroni in green peppers, or spaghetti in tomato cups are simple to prepare and nourishing, too. Ramikins of hot baked beans, creamed vegetables, or a creamed soup also take care of the hot dish. Vegetable plates are becoming more and more popular. Can you think of anything more attractive than sautéed mushrooms, green asparagus, yellow kernel corn, brussels sprouts or cabbage and diced beets? Or mashed potatoes, spinach, tomatoes, carrots and peas? There are any number of combinations.

It's dinner that is apt to prove a Waterloo. It's a good idea to plan the first course as a special surprise each evening. One might serve cocktails of juices—fruit, clam, tomato, kranit. And at times have champagne oyster or clam cocktails with piquant sauces. For the next dinner, serve canapes. They can be spread with almost any kind of butters, pastes, garnishes and relishes. And what is ever so exciting as a large platter of hors d'oeuvre? Dabs of leftovers will supply these. You can serve canapes with them if you like. Remember to marinate all the vegetables.

Suggestions for hors d'oeuvre are hearts of artichokes, asparagus tips, little pickled beets, cauliflower, balls or cubes of alligator pear, hard cooked eggs, green and ripe olives, stuffed and plain, radishes, pickled onions, anchovies, smoked salmon, tomatoes, and garnishes of chopped parsley, water cross, chives and pimiento. And would you believe it, these are only a few which you will discover for yourself when you begin to think about hors d'oeuvre.

When it comes to soups—there is every conceivable kind on the market with many new and delicious consommés that can be served hot or jellied.

For the main course, I find it simplest when unexpected guests arrive, to choose a fowl or ham all ready prepared, which can be quickly heated and garnished to suit the individual taste. Fish ready to serve, or various potted and deviled meats also fill the need. Choose the vegetables with an eye to the color and thought of the combination of flavors.

DSSERTS Everybody has a favorite. Pies are popular with men, and the Revelers are no exceptions. So you shall have each of their recipes for the asking. Just fill in the coupon, at the end of this

article with your name and address and mail it to RADIO STARS to carry out the Revelers' dream.

Just in case you haven't a recipe for pie crust handy, here is an excellent one:

- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup cold shortening
- 1 cup cold water

Sift the flour once. Then measure, add salt and sift again. Cut in shortening until pieces are about the size of small peas. Add water (preferably ice water), a very small amount at a time, mixing lightly with a fork *only enough to make flour hold together*. Continue until all flour is mixed in separate portions, neither sticky nor crumbly. Handle as little as possible. Wrap in waxed paper, press together, flattening slightly, and roll thoroughly before rolling. Roll out on a slightly floured board to 1/8 inch thickness. Bake in a hot oven (450 F.) for 15 minutes. Make enough pastry for one 9 inch two crust pie. Use one half of the recipe for one pie shell.

Important secrets to achieve tender pie crust are to have your ingredients icy cold, chill the dough before rolling, and to handle just as little as possible. A hint to beginning cooks: Roll the rolled pastry two inches larger than the pie tin to allow for shrinking down into the tin and for making the fold at the edge.

I'd like to remark that if your oven isn't a thermometer that you can get a reliable little one at the Five and Ten. Remember that success in bakery depends to a great extent on the temperature of the oven.

There are many ready desserts. Gelatine is always a sure bet because you can dress it up so attractively. As one woman says, "You can have a lot of fun giving it something to wiggle on and at the same time crowning it." If you know your fruits, you know the secret. Some sink, others float. Here are the sinking ones: canned cherries, Maraschino cherries and peaches, pineapple, raspberries, blackberries, and apricots, all canned and stewed prunes. Floating crowns are broken nuts, diced apples, sections of fresh grapefruit and orange, sliced bananas, marshmallows, fresh strawberries and fresh sliced pears.

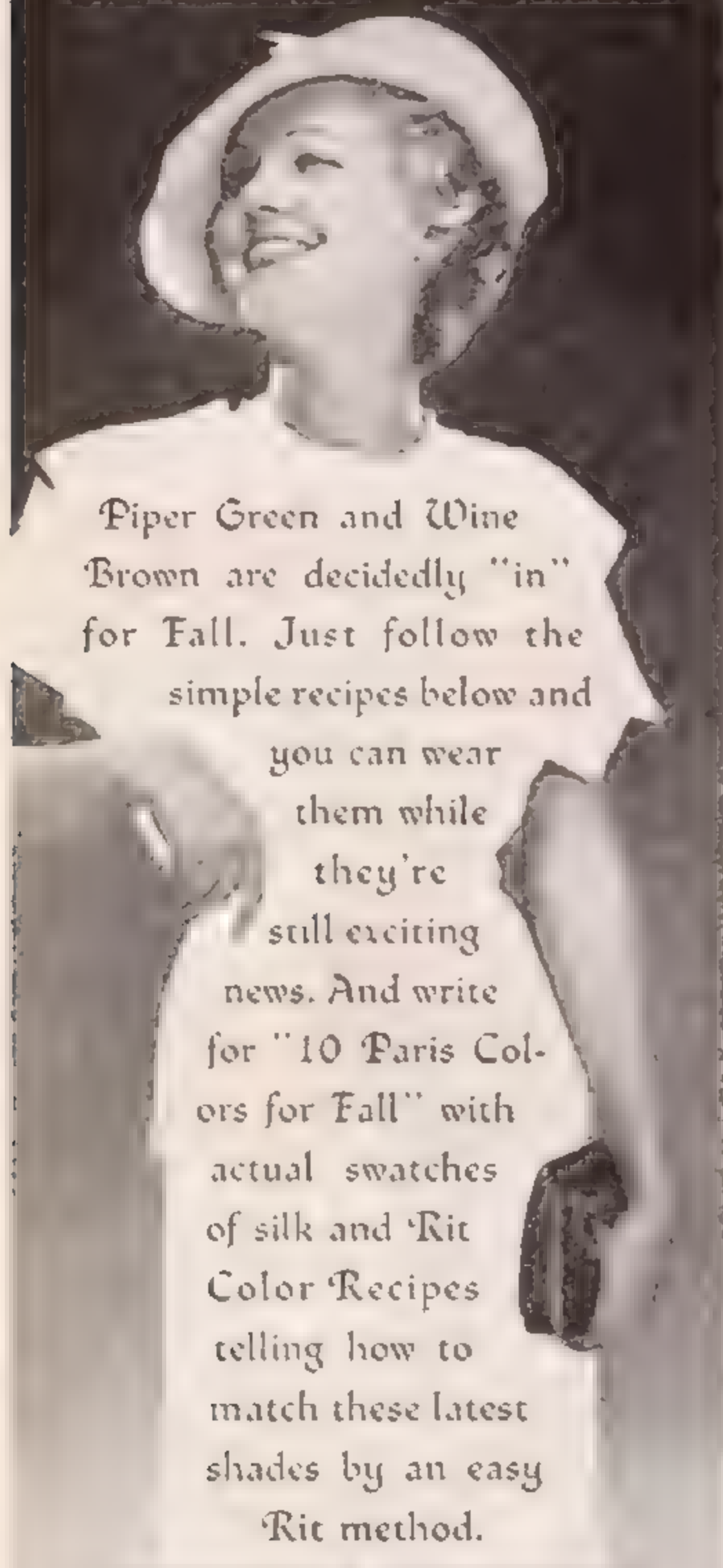
Tapiocas and custards are other successful quickies. And all of you have probably used the special cake flours that assure success in baking. Not only are there these, but there are others that merely require the addition of wet ingredients such as eggs and milk.

FRUIT salads all ready mixed can take the place of both salad and dessert.

If Mrs. Glenn is in doubt as to what the menus are to be, with a flip of her manicured fingers she can keep them that way now—she turns the pages of recipe booklets, provided by manufacturers for just such emergencies, and makes a selection. Even friend Hubby is becoming converted to her new methods.

ADVANCE *Paris Colors*

WILL MAKE LAST YEAR'S FROCK
THIS SEASON'S SENSATION



Piper Green and Wine Brown are decidedly "in" for Fall. Just follow the simple recipes below and you can wear them while they're still exciting news. And write for "10 Paris Colors for Fall" with actual swatches of silk and Rit Color Recipes telling how to match these latest shades by an easy Rit method.

PIPER GREEN
1 1/2 Wafer Dark Green Rit
1/2 Wafer Gold Rit

WINE BROWN
1 1/4 Wafer Dark Brown Rit
1 Wafer Wine Rit

Instant Rit (not a soap!) penetrates the fibres as "surface dyes" never do—provides clearer, longer lasting, more brilliant colors. Remember, re-coloring is best over white material, so take old color out with White Rit—quick, easy, harmless. 15c at drug stores and notion counters everywhere.

YOU'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK WITH RIT



NOT A SOAP!

RIT

...in the convenient scented water; easier to measure, won't sift out of the package

Miss Rit, 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Please send me your folder A-74 "Ten Paris Colors for Fall" with silk swatches and your new Rit Color Recipes.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Please print name and address in full.

RADIO STARS

Have you ever glanced through one of these booklets? Well, there are many ways to serve one can of food. Not that you have to toil over preparation, for you can open the can and serve the contents as is. But the various ways to make them different, in practically no time at all, just goes to show you the time, wisdom and effort that has gone into the creation of one canned product. And, these are endless varieties of food foods packed full of vitamins and minerals for which everybody is searching.

You can depend on manufacturers to cooperate to achieving health. First of all the foods, whether string beans or hamsteak, are raised in the best territory suitable for their particular production.

Immediately on being gathered they are taken to the factory. Few hands handle them and no time is allowed for drooping and wilting which happens to some fresh produce that comes to our kitchens. At the factory all the food undergoes a rigid inspection for uniformity, color, nutritious value and general wholesomeness.

Then under scrupulous care they are prepared for canning, far safer than any we can do at home for there is never any prolonged or over heating to destroy vitamin colors and flavors.

With scientific exactness, each and every food is canned. And then within a few minutes after opening, it comes to our tables delicious and beneficial. What's more, the fragrant aromas do not disappoint as they often have a way of doing when the housewife prepares raw vegetables. Uniformity and unmatched standard is what reliable manufacturers boast.

Women are finally becoming tin can minded so even the can opener has come in for its share of improvement. You used to have to pump a blunt piece of steel up and down, sawing around the top of a can. Today with a few turns of a little handle, the entire top of the can is removed.

It occurred to me that perhaps some of you may not know the contents of the various size cans. No. 1 size holds 1½ cups; No. 2—2½ cups; No. 2½—3½ cups; No. 3—4 cups. Thus you can avoid waste and leftovers by choosing the one that will fit the recipes and your families' appetites.

Nowadays, wise timing in the kitchen gives us more time for recreation. It lessens irritation and nervous strain from fatigue, because we get a chance to rest.

In summing up, you know that the health and therefore the happiness of your family depends, to a great extent, on the wholesome, delicious foods attractively served to them by you.



"I was proud of my spaghetti but this kind beats mine —and what a lot of work I'm saved!"

MY FRIENDS SAY I'm a good cook. I think too much of my family to serve ready cooked food purely for my own convenience. But, frankly, all of us prefer Franco-American Spaghetti to the spaghetti I used to make. So I use Franco-American now.

To make spaghetti à la Milanaise as Franco-American chefs prepare it, you'd need eleven different ingredients for the sauce. Plump, juicy tomatoes, Zesty old

Cheddar cheese. A long list of seasonings. You'd have to stir, taste and watch constantly. Why go to all this bother? Franco-American requires no cooking or fussing. You simply heat and serve.

Why not order from your grocer today? One taste will tell you how different Franco-American is from ordinary ready cooked spaghetti. Truly economical too. A generous can holding three to four portions costs only ten cents.



RADIO STARS RECIPE DEPARTMENT

RADIO STARS Magazine,

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the REVELERS' Recipes

Name (Print in pencil)

Address (Street and number)

(City) (State)



(Continued from page 25)

The Magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids



will instantly transform your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in your eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



when shortly after the Coolidges moved into the White House, Dick Laibert became what amounts to concert master to the President. It gave him the contacts and publicity which, coupled with his now found capacities, brought him to New York as the Radio City organist.

Today he is probably the hardest worker in radio. He plays the organ for four and sometimes five hours at the Radio City Theatre in addition to his ten shifts at eight o'clock in the morning and in the afternoons and in the evenings. So day is the same as any other day. A fifteen-hour day is nothing in the life of this young Apollo. Five hours sleep is all he gets.

That early morning broadcast is still another example of Dick's uncanny gift for finding a four-leaf clover in the mud. You'd think he'd hate it, getting up early after a short sleep, rushing over to the studio with a breakfast grouch, but he loves it.

"There's no broadcast I like better," he says. "I sit at the console high up in the studio building and see the people scrubbing their teeth, getting the children off to school, driving to the station, scrapping with their wives, and I play to them all."

YET, he's a modest, retiring young fellow. His great passions, apart from music and his wife and child, are golf and fishing. Golf clubs and fishing tackle stand side by side in a corner of his Radio City office.

Illustrative of his modesty are the things he said when Fox gave him the job playing the \$250,000 Radio City organ, largest in the world. "I kept my mouth shut because I was afraid I'd say the wrong thing. I let him do the talking. It was the realization of the dream of a lifetime for I had always wanted to play the organ in the old R.C." He got more than that.

Of all the stories of the Laibert link, the story of his marriage is the best. They fell in love at 14; he was fourteen and she was eighteen. She was the daughter of Representative James V. McClintic of Oklahoma, he the son of a Bethlehem business man who played the trombone. Having fallen in love they ran away and got married, but the families got together and had the marriage annulled.

How's that for a bad start? But five years later the two kids were still in love and ran off and did it all over again, this time to the delight of both clans.

You Can't Out-Shout Death

(Continued from page 36)

He wasn't happy in his job, a job good enough as jobs for boys under twenty go in a small town, but was there any future in it? Furthermore the choir-master of the church in which he sang began urging that he have his voice trained.

It was all very confusing. After all did a young man engaged to be married have any right to give up a job and risk what little he had saved on something which might prove a wild goose chase?

Conrad and Madeleine talked things over and he gave up his job. With the little he had saved he set out for New York. Can't you just hear the talk this caused? Can't you just imagine the tight-lipped disapproval? Madeleine came in for her share of it too. "You'd actually think," they said "the way she goes around smiling, that a bean giving up his job and leaving you to run away to New York was something to be proud about."

Conrad found work as a floor-walker in New York. He lived in a small furnished room and ate meagre table d'hotes.

EVERY day he and Madeleine wrote each other long letters. Once in a while he was able to go to Northampton for a week end. But not often. It was then that Conrad suddenly seemed to sense that the years he and Madeleine would have together would be too few as it was. No longer was he willing to wait.

"Well," said the home town, "that Thibault boy certainly seems set upon running his life. Wouldn't he get married now and tie himself down! Now of all times! When it began to look as if, in time, with study, his voice really would

amount to something really great!"

"We eloped," Conrad told me.

"When we reached the marriage license bureau it was closed. But we finally discovered a little light in a rear window and we pounded on the door until a man let us in. We took the license he gave us to a priest I knew uptown and were married that same night. It was Thanksgiving Eve..."

A fitting time for this marriage to take place, in spite of all the disapproving tongues, for during the seven years it lasted it was often cause for thanksgiving.

Madeleine had understanding. It was Madeleine who insisted Conrad accept the scholarship at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. Madeleine remained in Northampton and took a job.

"I didn't always eat," Conrad will tell you with a slow reminiscent smile, "but always managed to have the railroad fare to Northampton ready in case a few free days came along." This went on for a long, lonely year. And brought Conrad Thibault to his fourth decision, the momentous decision of all. By continuing at Curtis he stood every chance of considerable success in the musical world, but he doubted that any success could worth the loneliness and heartache he and Madeleine were experiencing.

QUITE frankly he told the Board Directors how he felt. Unless it was possible for him to have his wife with him he would not stick it. He had, explained, had several radio offers.

"Thibault's completely mad!" croaked the croakers. "Can you imagine him

Radi spooks

By Edith Rogers

For a spoken or radio Norman, the 2nd in particular, he is one of the most popular men operating over the Texas-Mexico radio stations. He has been located both at XEAW in Reynosa, Mexico, and at XEPN, at Piedras Negras. His announcer describes him as the man who knows all his experienced life. You may think of him as an elderly sage, or at least a middle-aged man of pensive gravity, and the experience which comes only with mature years. As a matter of fact, he is under thirty, good looking, with large, brilliant blue eyes, wavy brown hair, and a natty dresser.

WHEN recently pending Mexican legislation threatened to abolish radio "spooks" to the profession at XEPN, at Piedras Negras, Mexico, with remote control broadcasting studios on this side of the line at Eagle Pass, Texas, concluded to cash in on such remaining time as was considered before the law went into effect. Three other spooks were engaged: Brandon, "Man of Mystery," an actor; Edgar, "The Good Samaritan," a serious sort of character in the order of Norman himself; and Margah, a mysterious, Hindu type of occultist. Mr. Norman resigned the necessity of all this competition. The newcomers might be human princes or second sighters or seventh sons of seventh sons, but the radio did not care what they were sons of; they were poaching on his particular psychic preserves.

He informed the station owners that if the competing spooks continued on the air, XEPN would be closed by the Mexican government not later than the middle of March, and would remain closed until the contracts of the other spooks were cancelled and his own contract renewed. The owners scoffed at such a prediction. Their spooks were engaged to minister to the superstitions of their audiences, not to put any "boobies" on the station itself. Plenty of red tape lay ahead, before Mexico would be ready to act on the new laws, just then long discussed, relative to border stations licensed by the Mexican government. Besides, XEPN had inside connections in Mexico City. Mr. Norman, however, made his preparations to leave the Kentucky during the enforced shut down which he had predicted.

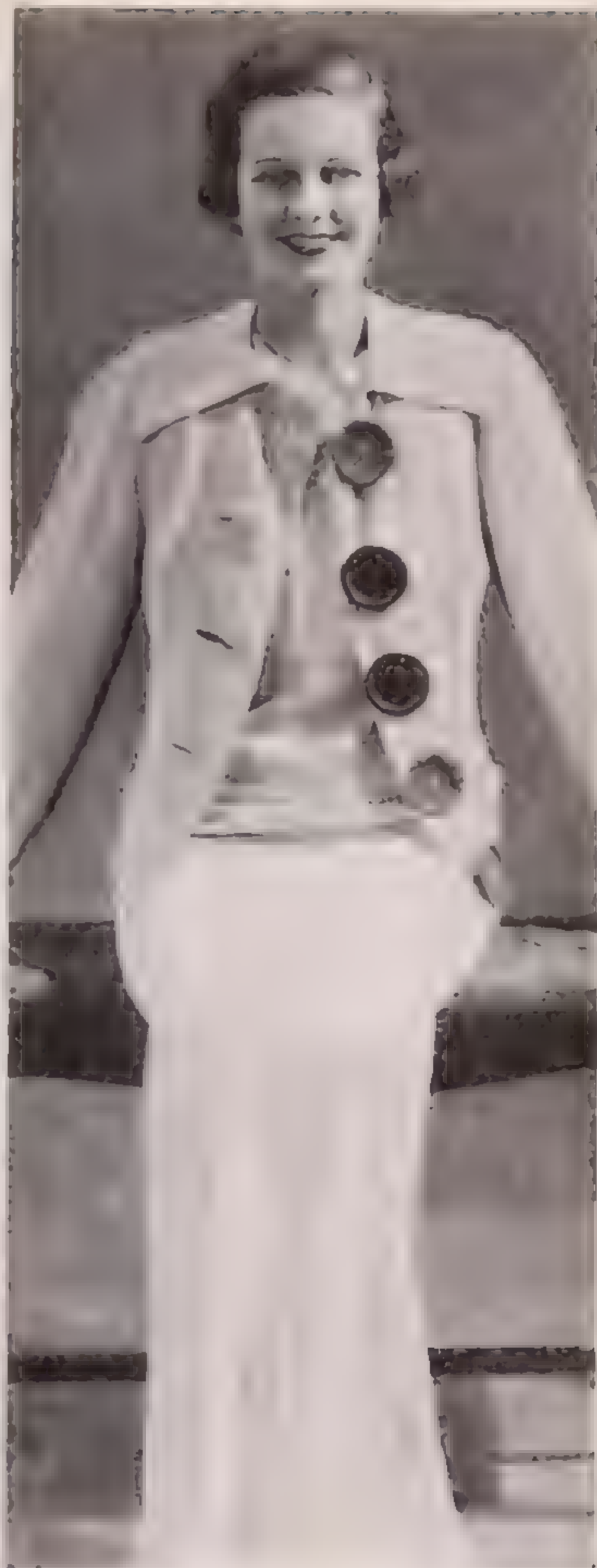
ON March 15th, Mexican officials ordered XEPN off the air. XEPN, the station owned and operated by Dr. Jean Brinkley, of rejuvenation fame, had already been closed because Dr. Brinkley's treatments conflicted with medical laws of the Republic of Mexico. XEPNT, at El Paso, was just opening, with a less powerful wattage than the older stations. XEAW, at Reynosa, was closed for repairs and internal changes.

XEAW, which, by the way, is having its call letters changed to XIM, is scheduled to open again early in July, with Edgar, "The Good Samaritan," occupying its chair of psychology.

*"I keep
my teeth
brilliantly
white for
only . . .
\$1 A YEAR!"*



Actual Size
Ten Cents



"I HAVE found a marvelous toothpaste that costs only 10c for a tube as big as the regular 25c size—and it lasts me more than a month!" You can have teeth so white that they sparkle and save up to \$5 a year by merely asking for Kay Milk of Magnesia Toothpaste at any Kresge store. It is the choice of hundreds of thousands who want just the kind of tooth protection that Kay Toothpaste gives.

Containing over 50% milk of magnesia, Kay Toothpaste fights the acid that is so ruinous to brilliant teeth. Leading dental books agree that tooth decay begins with acidity. Kay proves that a toothpaste need not be expensive to keep teeth clean and sparkling. No toothpaste contains finer cleansing and polishing ingredients, free from grit, than Kay.

If you have been waiting for cut-rate toothpaste sales, you need wait no longer. Kay Toothpaste, in a tube as large as the ordinary 25c size, is only 10c at any time in any Kresge store. You can also buy Kay Toothpaste in a tube more than double the 10c size for only 20c. Ask for it by name, identify it by the red, white and black tube, and remember that Kay Toothpaste is for sale only in Kresge stores.

A black and white portrait of a young woman with dark, wavy hair, smiling slightly. The photo is circular and mounted on a light-colored card.

WONDERFUL
FACE POWDER
Stays On Longer

All the rival spokes have filtered out of NLPN, with the exception of Brandon Man of Destiny, and Gable Norman "Ernestos" his early co-ess. Mr. Norman has returned from Kentucky to resume his sway at NLPN. Whether the return of the prodigal spoke at this time is due to the fact that he dropped his hand, roll at the Derby, or comes to replenish it, or to some occult assistance that the competitors of his production are about to be notified and NLPN is about to reopen with himself as the state's sole non-talist, is also a question which only a radio spoke may answer.

[illegible]

Their Studios Are Crowded at Sun-Up

undertook to make Christmas a bit more joyous for a group of several hundred unfortunate in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri who live out an existence by digging a really diminishing mineral known as coal. Saturday, December 16, was set aside as "If Die" and KMOX listeners were invited to come to the studio that morning for a special show, the admission being a piece of merchandise.

By 4:30 o'clock in the morning of the 16th, the KMOX studios began to fill, and when the show started at 5:30, there were 1200 people crisscrossing the little auditorium built for 500 and in the doorways and halls surrounding it. And five tons of food and clothing had been contributed.

There is one studio at KMOX, built for an extra special program, that has it all over the carpeted studios of Radio City or the mural decorated ones at CBS in New York. Instead of pianos and bass viols, it's filled with electric refrigerators and pots and pans. Running water and flour cabinets take the place of sound effects tables.

It's a modern kitchen. The kind every honeymooning couple dreams about. KMOX spared no expense in fitting up this kitchen studio for its "Magic Kitchen" broadcast by Jane Porter. You see, this station takes great pride in the fact that it has pioneered in home service programs.

While Jane Porter stands before a mike, perched on a white enameled cooking table, telling listeners whether to put the eggs in before the flour or whether to use salt or soda in making a certain dish, a colored maid, all decked out in a white uniform, carries out the instructions. She really makes, right there in that kitchen, the dishes that Miss Porter discusses. When the announcer and the singers help Miss Porter taste the completed dishes, and voice their likes or dislikes, then Miss Porter knows if her broadcast to the housewives has been a success.

But what about those network programs? After all, you won't find many stations west of the Mississippi broadcasting twenty-five network programs a week.

Addressed to the Honorable Secretary of State,
Washington, D.C.

Only 140,000 to 100,000 people were going right to the grand old theatre in Forest Park to witness the performances of such musicals as "The Snow Bird," "The Student Prince," "New Moon" and "Music in the Air." Magnificent performances require the best of voices. It is there that KMOX finds so many of its singers. Russell Brown, for instance, the baritone whose programs are carried over twenty other stations. Less than a year ago he was singing in the chorus of the Municipal Opera.

Such a feature, a row of tall, high trees with a real brook behind its stage for the "Shady Bore" scene, is a rushing school for songers and actors.

I want you to know Larry Halks ra concert business in the network. Here's a man who has played Broadway, appeared in concert in Europe and America, and had the honor of playing and singing for ten consecutive months at the Queen's Theatre in London. He started his radio career at WOR'S New York studios.

Another man of the network is Martin Wickett, musical director of KMOX. He's a young fellow from Nebraska who was raised with a baton in his hand. "St. Louis Blues," "Songs at Eve'n'g," "Rus Brown and the Harpnettes" and "The Knaves and a Queen" are some of the network programs on which his orchestra appears.

That "Sings at Eventide" program is one which, you'll recall, uses poetry as its theme. And always Lee Little closes with the same verse:

Shadows of night are falling.

(In towns and fields and seas,

The plaintive voice of the nightingale

Comes edging through the trees.

And up from ten thousand gardens,

Wherever the flowers bide,

There comes the earth-whisper
Of songs at eventide

And then "Sings at Eventide" came to you from the studios of KMOX in St. Louis, Lee Little speaking. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System."

So the work of KMOX goes on making the "Voice of St. Louis" the Voice of the Middle West.

He's Tough with Love

(Continued from page 17)

"You could sing like this in the show," she would tell him. "I do hope your chance comes."

It did come. Sooner than either of them expected. The leading man and mistressy tell all at the same time and she got the stage manager to listen to her idea.

AND that night was the first time Frank Parker ever sang before a theatre audience. Everyone noticed how his thrilling voice pulsed with emotion, how real the love scenes between him and the leading lady appeared. "Almost as though they really were in love," they whispered.

You see, of course, what she meant to Frank. And why he had every reason to believe that her love for him was as sincere. Little did he know what the cards held for him. I wonder how things would have turned out if, when the show closed, he hadn't suddenly found himself without a job.

Weeks passed, months passed and still no job for Frank. Those were lean days for him. No more could he take the girl he loved out to dinner or shows.

Now you mustn't forget that she was used to luxury. She had been catered to and pampered by wealthy men. So perhaps you can't blame her for what she did.

One evening Frank found her with a strange look on her face, her eyes shining, her mouth hard. Then she started to talk, her words tumbled out of her mouth in embarrassed confusion—"He's very, very wealthy... can do a lot for me... wants to marry me... of course you understand... must be the end..."

SHE was leaving him to marry money! That's what it amounted to. Couldn't she have stuck by him? Couldn't she have had faith in him? He'd show her she was wrong!

Well, he did. We all know that. He toured the Keith circuit for a while and then sang opposite Hope Hampton in "My Princess." Harry Harlick, leader of the A and P Gypsies, heard his silvery tenor float across the moonlights and sent for him. Then began Frank's sensational climb in radio. First as featured singer with the A and P Gypsies, then in rapid succession becoming one of the Cavaliers on the Cities Service broadcasts, male soloist opposite Jessica Dragonette, featured tenor of the Revelers' quartette, singing star on Jack Benny's program and several others. This winter he was featured on two networks a week. He was referred to as radio's most sought-after singer.

I wonder if his unfortunate love was the impetus he needed to drive him up the ladder of success. I personally, think so. But I wonder, too, if he doesn't feel some days that he'd like to swap his present day time for those blissful romantic days in the Greenwich Village Follies.

Since then, Frank has taken no girl seriously. But his good looks and his

"It Started a New Craze



...When the Neighbors Saw My 15¢ WINDOW SHADES!"

but... Be Sure You Get Genuine CLOPAYS With Important

*EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

"NO wonder my neighbors thought I was joking when I told them my lovely Clopay window shades cost only 15c each. They surely are wonderful. Those lovely chintz patterns harmonize nicely with decorative plans in my bedrooms and plain colors in others. I've never found their equal in any other kind of shade. Their attractive *creped texture makes them hang straight, roll straight and wear amazingly. Won't crack, fray or pinhole. So easily attached to rollers with their *patented gummed strip, too — no tacks or tools. And you only *trim one side to fit narrow windows. With all these advantages at such an unbelievably low price, can you blame my neighbors for following my lead in switching to Clopays? They're all doing it now." Send 3c stamp for color samples.

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Most Neighborhood Stores



16 PATTERNS Plain or Colored

AND SAVE 1/3 TO 1/2 ON OIL CLOTH NEEDS TOO!



New FABRAY Outdoes Oilcloth —Resists Cracking and Peeling

Someone look and feel for oilcloth, but it's tough fibre back to back of chemically. Can be creased without cracking. Does not rot or chip. New, lovely patterns and colors. It costs less than oilcloth. See FABRAY at 5c and 10c Stores, or send 2c in coin or stamp for a 30" x 36" tablecloth or placemat. State your preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1327 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



LOVELY EYES

How to have them

—eyes no man can forget

GIVE yourself unforgettably charming eyes in 40 seconds! All by a magic touch of the eyelashes with Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, your eyes are your fortune! I urge you not to neglect them.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



FREE

Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City

M-10

Name

Street

City

State

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown

prominence leave him wide open for trouble. This past spring, for instance, he was faced with a \$6,000 heart balm suit. A certain Louis G. Christy claimed that his wife, Ann Green Christy, had lost all love for him because of Frank. According to the man's amazing story, he and his wife were living together happily until 1924 when they met Parker. Then, the lubby claims, Ann walked out on him and lived with Parker as his wife.

Christy told the court, "She is still madly infatuated and lives with the defendant whose picture is constantly around her room. She listens to him daily on the radio . . . and openly disavows any love

or affection for me."

Frank was furious. "You was married about this suit. It seemed to be settled another extortion game. To p. like you in court would only hurt him. I got publicity, whatever the outcome. I was determined that he would never do any more than pay off the couple. When he realized that Frank would be waiting to go through with the mess, he promptly dropped the case.

Perhaps there's another reason why Frank side steps the suit so warily. He's been burnt once. He's been threatened once. That's enough for any man. But I wonder how long he'll hold on.

Isham Jones with His Mask Off

(Continued from page 21)

dubious, but he found I could ring the bell offener in the lower keys. Instinctively I had a healthy respect for Jones, and I was determined to justify his faith in me.

Gradually Ish began to unbind a little, with his eyes at least. It does not come naturally to him to meet people and give them the glad hand, and he has never cultivated the art of social contact.

This on his is not evident when interviewers hover round a dance spot where we are playing. They will ask for Isham. His face will reddens with embarrassment and he will say to me, "You go and talk to them, Kid. Tell them anything they want to know, including the real story."

It is true that Isham's father was a coal-miner and it is true that Isham after he finished high school, went to work in the mines. He has certainly never tried to conceal the facts of his background, but I think he has grown a little weary through the years of people who exclaim in surprise that an orchestra conductor should once have worked in a coal mine.

By the time he was six, the boy was a fair pianist. During his school days he learned to play every available instrument. Although he has never taken a lesson, unless you count those administered on the dining room table, Ish to this day can pick up any instrument which makes a musical noise and play it.

After the early exit from the mines, heredity had its unchallenged way. Isham began playing in local dance bands. He saved his money and went to Chicago where he registered at the band agencies. He could answer any call, for he could play any instrument. Composition was his pastime. He gravitated into the employ of a music publisher, worked on the writing staff, tried out vaudeville acts using the publisher's tunes, and wrote some of his own first "pop" songs. Among them was "I'll See You In My Dreams."

Ish was in the war, of course, but all the time he was writing and publishing. As soon as this interlude was over he organized his own band, played five years at College Inn, in Chicago, and then came to the El Fey Club in New York.

Which brings us up to his "retirement." He left the game at the height of his fame, found he didn't like being out of it, and made a beautiful comeback. Ever since the day that he walked out of the mines

he has accomplished just what he wanted to, including making Margie Kirk, a singer in a Chicago band, Mrs. Isham Jones.

One time I tried to talk to Ish about what might seem to strangers a lack of cordiality. "You need not need to say anything," I urged. "You would just turn around once in a while and smile."

He couldn't see it. "People don't want a band leader to try to be charming with them," he protested. "What's the use? They want good music, not to have somebody they don't know smile at them."

All he got out of that talk was an idea for a song. Only a few days later he asked us to try a little thing he had been working on. Its title was "What I've Used," and the first line went, "I tried to smile, and pretend all the while . . ."

That's the kind of person Isham Jones is. Absolutely earnest, sincere—but a dreamer whose mind and heart and soul are wrapped up in music.

And where does he gets song ideas? Well, one of the first things I noticed about him was that he always carried a little black book in his pocket. Every once in a while he would take it out and make a note. It was months before any of us discovered this book was for song ideas, most of them suggested by incidents as casual as the one I've just told you.

To cite another example. One time the publicity man, at a hotel where we were playing, announced that everyone who wrote in would be sent a picture of Isham Jones and his band. Over six thousand letters arrived within twenty-four hours. When he was told this, Jones looked dazed and said, "Why . . . I can't believe it's true! He must have reached for the little black book, and later came the number "Why Can't This Night Go on Forever?"

Another time we were playing on election night. Like all such celebrations, it just went on and on. Some one mopped his brow and muttered, "Looks as if this night would go on forever." Out came the little black book, and later came the number "Why Can't This Night Go on Forever?"

Of the original group of musicians who started out with Isham in Milwaukee there are four left beside myself.

But all the boys in the band believe in him. His stooge, yours truly, swears by him, with him, and at him!

The Maria You Don't Know

(Continued from page 23)

of the Ford of Avon were the homes to the melody of their lives. Together they played the masterpieces that they are both more than partners for high school seniors. And when audiences yearned at Shakespeare they got jobs with a stock company.

In the year when war clouds were bursting into murderous torrents, thundering with the impact of the Archduke's murder at Sarajevo, a child was born to Irene Hubbard. They called him Sam.

The secret which these two friends of 'Aunt Maria's' knew is summarized, then, in three letters—S. A. M. It was Sam and his destiny, and his mother's passionate hopes for him which propelled her into that heart-breaking routine which spoiled only failure and disappointment for years.

Four years ago Irene Hubbard made her first try at radio. Shakespearean lines were the ones she read most beautifully. She was turned down. Again she tried, six months later, and again, failure. A third attempt. And a fourth.

All these years she knew that she was an accomplished actress, but she knew, too, that the actor's destiny had narrowed down to a part in a Broadway show or an assignment in radio for stock companies all over the country had lost their appeal with the growing popularity of taking pictures. Only radio held forth promise. That's why Irene Hubbard worked so desperately to make the grade. Because she knew that, in this way, Sam was a genius. Sam doesn't talk much—the producer.

Most people have a tremendous curiosity. They want to know what Sam has a tremendous curiosity. But he wants to know what? And here.

Today Sam Hubbard is twenty years old. His list of inventions totals three hundred. He's invented labor-saving devices that make things easier for Mother Irene, Aunt Maria to you. He's invented little gadgets that speed up the efficiency of all sorts of machinery. He's created toys and worked out plans for great bridges, as important and awe-inspiring as the new Washington Bridge over the North River in New York, in such detail that great architects who have training and knowledge have failed as perfect!

It was several years ago that Irene Hubbard's voice confessed the lines, "There's no more, that's for remembrance . . ." and was turned down by the huge executive. Her fourth try! She was at her wit's end. Things hadn't gone so well for her and her husband. And the destiny of her dearly-beloved Sam hung in the balance. No money, no career for Sam. Little wonder that her mind was tortured with desperation, knowing that her fourth attempt had been futile!

Two years after her first unsuccessful audition, she tried for the fifth time. Her voice struck a responsive chord in the ear of a desperate executive who needed an actress to fill a minor role. Irene Hub-

Does Your Face Wear "Dirty Underclothes"?

Horrible, but True!

A Blackhead is Dirt that is 3 and 4 Months Old!

By Lady Esther

Is your skin guilty of "dirty underclothes"?

In other words, dirty underneath? You may not know it, but Blackheads, Whiteheads, Enlarged Pores and Muddy and Sallow Skin, are signs of concealed dirt.

Yes—shrink as you will—a blackhead is dirt that is three and four months old!

You may be the most fastidious woman in the world and still have blackheads. Why? Not through any carelessness on your part, but simply because you're an innocent victim of inadequate cleansing methods. You think you are reaching the dirt in your skin, but you are not. You are only reaching the outer and not the under layer of dirt.

Make This Test!

If you want to see how a real face cream works, make this test.

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. If you use soap and water, use plenty of it. If you use cream, use three or four applications. Keep cleaning your skin until you think it absolutely immaculate.

Now, take Lady Esther Face Cream and clean it. Just smooth or pat on the cream and leave it there a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth or tissue and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth! That skin you thought absolutely clean has left it streaked and smudged.

It Reaches Pore-deep Dirt

Ordinary face creams stop at the top layer of dirt. Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates to the bottom of the pores and dissolves the underneath layer of dirt. It gives your skin a complete pore-deep cleansing. Lady Esther Face Cream reaches the bottom of your pores because it is a unique, readily liquefying cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin. Thus, without the necessity of being rubbed in and without stretching the pores, it penetrates the little openings all the way to their depths. There it dissolves the accumulated dirt and grime and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you get through cleansing your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you KNOW it is clean because your cloth will show no sign of soil.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleans your skin, it also lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that ends dryness and keeps your skin soft, smooth and supple.

There is no face cream you ever tried that is at once so thoroughly cleansing and delicately lubricating as Lady Esther Face Cream. One trial will show you an amazing difference in your skin.

At My Expense!

Write today for the liberal 7-day trial tube I offer and see for yourself how thoroughly clean and how exquisitely soft Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. There is no cost for this 7-day tube. Your name and address on the coupon below or on a penny postcard bring it to you free and postpaid.



Face cream that spreads over your face. Does your skin feel tight, rough, or dry? Or do you have those little bumps? If you do, then be sure your skin is really clean. Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

LADY ESTHER

2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois (Ill.)

Please send me by return mail your 7-day trial tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

LIPS THAT MAKE A MAN SAY "will you?"



Colorful, yet never coated with paint

THESE are the lips that men long to kiss. Soft, natural lips. Never coated with red paint. Simply alluring with natural-looking color... color that you, too, can have by using the lipstick which isn't paint.

Tangee contains a color-change principle which makes it intensify the natural coloring in your lips... so much so, that men think Tangee color is your own!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But on your lips, it changes to rose—the one shade of blush-rose most natural for your type!

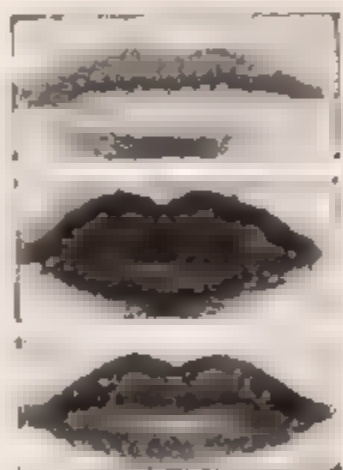
Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Stays on all day. Get Tangee—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)



UNTOUCHED — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED — Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE — Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM104
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Cheek Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

hard got the job. It was only a listening program and Irene drew a weekly fee of twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

When that program proved unprofitable she took another minor role, a part that most actresses would turn down. Irene wouldn't. She was thinking about Sam and that life story which she wanted to entice for him.

At last she got a break. Bill Bacher, production man on the "Show Boat" program, heard her. The show had been on the air for almost two months and they needed a woman to play opposite Cap'n Henry. "That's the person," he said, when he heard her.

Irene got the part and she had it over her.

An actress can go a long way. That's almost a miracle in this day when a starlet is worth a thousand dollars a week.

The Aunt Maria character on "Show Boat" is the woman who became an important figure on a big program and a mistress of ceremonies on another because, deep in her heart, there's a burning desire to make an Edison out of a faded Sam. A few weeks later, Irene had her own show, which runs every Thursday night to the Show Boat program and sits in the first row to meet the actor who's earned a heavy cross to assure him success.

KMOX Spreads the Spirit of St. Louis

(Continued from page 12)

Around the studios they call him "Mr. Van." He is J. L. Van Volkenburg, young and energetic. He became KMOX's president in October, 1932.

Don't think that interest in KMOX is limited to the Forty-fourth State. Not at all. In fact, the Columbia network uses KMOX as one of its key stations. Those of you who live in the Southwest, West and Northwest will recall that a lot of your CBS programs originate from KMOX in St. Louis. At the moment, about twenty-five programs go on over the network from KMOX. There's the Pet Milk commercial on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Jerry Hockstra's baritone. A Monday program called "And the Crowd Roared," which relives sports events. Then, too, the Harmonettes, Russell Brown, the Shumate Brothers and others.

CAN you remember when airplane endurance flying took the country by rage? Then you'd recall that Jackson and O'Brien, of St. Louis, established the first big record back in 1929. Newspapers from coast to coast gave column after column of space to this extraordinary event. And radios gave out special bulletins of the progress of the flight. KMOX was the first station in the air to report the flight.

Every few minutes during the day the station gave a report. And when the record was broken, KMOX stayed on the air for 18½ continuous hours, the length of time the fleet stayed in the air after the old record was passed.

When it comes to high music, KMOX again takes the lead. This time the music was about 2,000 feet high. A band was placed in an airplane with Billy Sunday, and KMOX listeners got music and religion from the heavens. That was in 1929 and a story quite new to radio.

Airplanes have really played an important part in KMOX history. Take, for instance, the time a cornerstone was laid from a plane. The stone was set up on an electric winch. Up in a roaring plane were city officials and a KMOX engineer and announcer. As the plane rushed over the building, a voice broadcast by short wave and rebroadcast by KMOX closed the circuit of the electric winch, dropping the cornerstone in its place. That, to be sure, was a pioneering move by radio.

So don't forget to visit "The Voice of St. Louis" when you're out that way. You'll find out for yourself the wonders of the Forty-fourth State, the state you didn't know existed.

The home of KMOX.

I'll Be Suing You

(Continued from page 12)

doggoned corrupt crook, that goes out there and jams a milk contract through the schools and has the little children of his town a drinking putrid milk."

Those were pretty mild words coming from Mr. Duncan, for he had a much better vocabulary than that, when he saw fit to use it. He went on to say of the chap he was attacking that he is the "lowest of the low, the vilest of the vile, the dirtiest, thievish grafter that ever disgraced the school board in any city." He called another person the "lowest, dirtiest, vilest grave robber on the Pacific Coast."

Eventually the people he was calling names got a little sore. They didn't like to sue him for slander, because then they

might have to disprove what he said. But when he called his pet enemy a "damn scoundrel, by God," he got into hot water. The courts convicted him of using "obscene, indecent and profane language." A higher court to which he appealed, said it could see nothing obscene or indecent about his language, but that it was decidedly profane. The broadcasting station over which he had been accustomed to speak his mind could not get its license renewed.

You probably know about that other lively libel suit pending at the present time in the courts. Sylvia Ulbeck, Hollywood's famous masseuse, who claims to be "death to fat," is being sued for \$100,000 by Ginger Rogers, who says Madame Syl-

[illegible][illegible]

Ruby Vance had to go through quite a lot of court proceedings to prove her right to the "Finn Just a Vandalized Art" but he was used for the money, the sum of \$10,000 paid by the artist. He "knew" who "stole" the sculpture from the "Finn" house and at the time "Finn" was in London and had taken on the world of art. You can say that Mr. Vance had any part of the sculpture, so it is not an existence as was he just had today. The day for Mrs. Miss McKean. It is strange how many people are written in about that some people are to have written it or to know a someone who had. And of them were a lot of people that had a success for a time. I wonder who Mrs. McKean who takes her claim on it. A year ago a lot of people were to go.

He said that he was given the right to
take the property and he had to pay Miss
McKen \$500 and another \$150 as a
"bonus" for "conducting the case."
He said that \$1,000 had been paid
to the attorney by the city.

I have been to my mother's place
 and she is very well. She is
 very happy and she is very
 healthy. She is very happy and
 she is very healthy. She is very
 happy and she is very healthy.

President Bill Clinton has been busy since coming to the White House, and he has been busy in the right way. He has been a good president. He has been a good father. He has been a good husband. He has been a good son. He has been a good friend. He has been a good leader. He has been a good man. He has been a good president.



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Noxema was first prescribed by doctors for skin irritations. Nurses discovered its use for red, chapped hands and as a soothing facial cream. Today Noxema is featured by beauty experts and is used by over 6,000,000 women!

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cream that actually helps correct complexion troubles — be they pimples, blackheads, large pores, oiliness or rough skin.

HOW IT WORKS

Noxzema's penetrating medication work deep into the pores - purge away clogged, blemish-causing impurities - leave pores naturally pure and clean. The balmy oils soothe and soften irritated skin. Then its ice-like astringents refine the coarsened skin texture to exquisite fineness.

Your first application will do wonders. In 5 hours - overnight - Neurozma will show a big improvement. Morning will show blanching is far less noticeable. You can touch your skin and feel how much softer and finer it is!

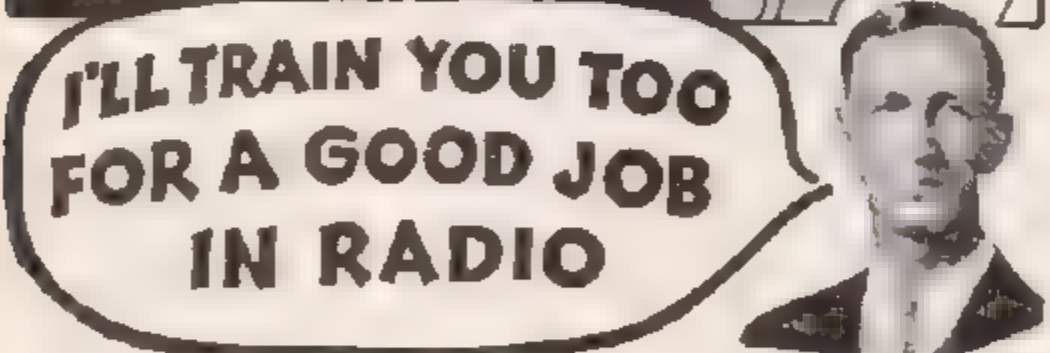
HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cool water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. You can't imagine how much better your skin will look. With this simple, easily perfect complexion and, you'll soon glow in a skin so clean and clear and so very it will stand a close scrutiny.

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J. E. Smith, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. 4KM7
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send free book about spare time and full time Radio opportunities, and how I can train for them at home in spare time. (Please Print Fully)

Name..... Age.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

mous Spencers lost their suit against Ripley; heaven only knows what happened to the breach of promise suit; Julius got his divorce from Ruth, and Ripley and Ruth Goldstein were ordered to pay him \$153.

Harry Richmond was sued once by Ed Stanley, a former Mack Sennett actress. She valued her broken heart at \$250,000.

Gay Delys, a showgirl, is suing Eddie Madriguera for \$10,000 claiming he promised to marry her. The orchestra leader said that he was sure that if he ever proposed to a girl he'd remember it. And who should know better than he? He never breathed the words "I do" or "I marry" to Gay Delys?

Who is the most sued man along Radio Row? It's a toss up between Ed Wynn and Rudy Vallee. Recently Ed Wynn boasted that doubtful honor. He said he was one of the most sued persons on the air, having 138 lawsuits against him at the present time. Most of them were probably caused by the collapse of the Amalgamated Broadcasting Company.

But Rudy Vallee has a peach of a record for lawsuits. He pays \$20,000 to \$40,000 a year for attorney fees. It's cheaper for him in the long run than hiring attorneys by the case.

I'm not talking, either, of all those goofy suits about whether he's to divorce Fay Webb or she's to divorce him, and whether it's to take place in New York, California or the Fiji Islands. I'm talking about the honest-to-godness lawsuits that have been started against Rudy. The everyone knows about the feud between Will Osborne and Vallee as to which was the original crooner.

Most amusing of all the suits that have ever been slapped against Rudy is one now pending. Do you recall the name Danny Auman? The newspapers were full of it a short while ago.

Danny is an ex-convict author of "How to Commit a Murder--And Get Away with It." Since 1919 he has been arrested twelve times--maybe he's gathering material for

another book. And it should be good.

It seems a few years ago, when Vallee was playing a long game there, Danny wanted the Anna Vallee. A self-confessed big, bad, bold man, he claims Vallee assaulted him and kicked him in the pants. So they sue.

No matter how regular you are, the chances are that it's sure a radio star you're going to be sued. Take Jimmy Durante for instance. He wouldn't harm anyone for anything. Still Port Alfred Kreamberg and I am a short while ago Alfred Kreamberg and he was mortified Jimmy said he was mortified that Kreamberg should say that Jimmy had mortified him.

You see Jimmy read some of Kreamberg's modern poetry over the air. Jimmy recited them as if they were funny. Kreamberg said they weren't funny, were never meant to be funny, and that his reputation had been damaged.

Kreamberg writes verses like this, from the play "Julius Caesar": "She likes to make shades, yellow shades for the window, but if you ask her why she likes to make shades for the window she would not tell you why she likes to make shades, yellow shades for the window, she would not tell you why she likes to make yellow shades for the window, except she likes to."

Kreamberg's lawyer said they were "one poems destroyed by Jimmy Durante's sense of humor." He thought Jimmy ought to pay Kreamberg \$100,000 for reading his serious poems as if they were funny. But the court decided otherwise against Kreamberg and in favor of Jimmy.

You can see from all this that no matter what they say or do, radio stars are likely to be sued. Somebody is always having his feelings hurt or her heart broken, and when that happens they ask for a nice, round sum. Funny, the power that money has to ease a broken heart isn't it? So what?

So they keep suing.

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 65)

you pull it through your hands, you can be pretty sure it's free of soap.

Always use a liquid cleanser--never rub cake soap directly on the hair. There are many excellent shampoos on the market and you can also make your own by shaving a good toilet soap into boiling water and letting it dissolve. I want to mention here a perfect cleanser that normalizes all types and conditions of scalp and hair and glorifies the drabdest. This is a soapless olive oil shampoo that I have been using for the past several months. If you care to know the name of it, drop me a postcard.

OIL shampoos are beneficial to every type of hair, including bleached. Although it will remove the color from dyed and hennaed hair, it is often recommended between dyeings and hennas. Incidentally, it is a safe and quick method of removing artificial coloring. You will also discover that oil shampoos will make

your permanent look more soft and natural.

To give the hair sheen and lustre, finish up with a color rinse. This not only brings out the high lights and tones, but adds that touch of glamor.

Dry the hair thoroughly. Then dampen with a wave-setting lotion to set the waves and curls. If you will supplement these shampoos with five or ten minutes of massage and brushing each day, you will soon achieve a crowning glory.

As most of you know, brilliantine is not only beneficial to the hair, but adds a gloss and keeps it in place. Pour a bit into the hand and dip the brush into it. Apply first to the ends of the hair, which of course are driest, and then brush lightly over the head.

Oily hair is no doubt the hardest to correct. A teaspoon of baking soda in the last rinse water will help. I also advise a special tonic. Combine this with daily massage and brushing.

RUSHES and curls should be washed in hot soap suds to which a tablespoon household ammonia is added. Rinse brushes in cold water in which a little ammonia has been dissolved and the brushes remain stiff. Dry lying on back. If your problem is dry and brittle hair do splitting ends, try herbal and glass shampoos. Use towels to dry. When thoroughly dry apply a good oil food to the scalp. Do this several times a week until condition is corrected. All the above suggestions will help to root dandruff. Of course, there are operations especially prepared for this purpose and I'll be glad to tell you of several reliable ones.

Now for the sun-tan that has become low tan. Don't feel too concerned about it while you are clearing it up you can at the same time achieving a soft, white skin by getting rid of roughness and clogged pores.

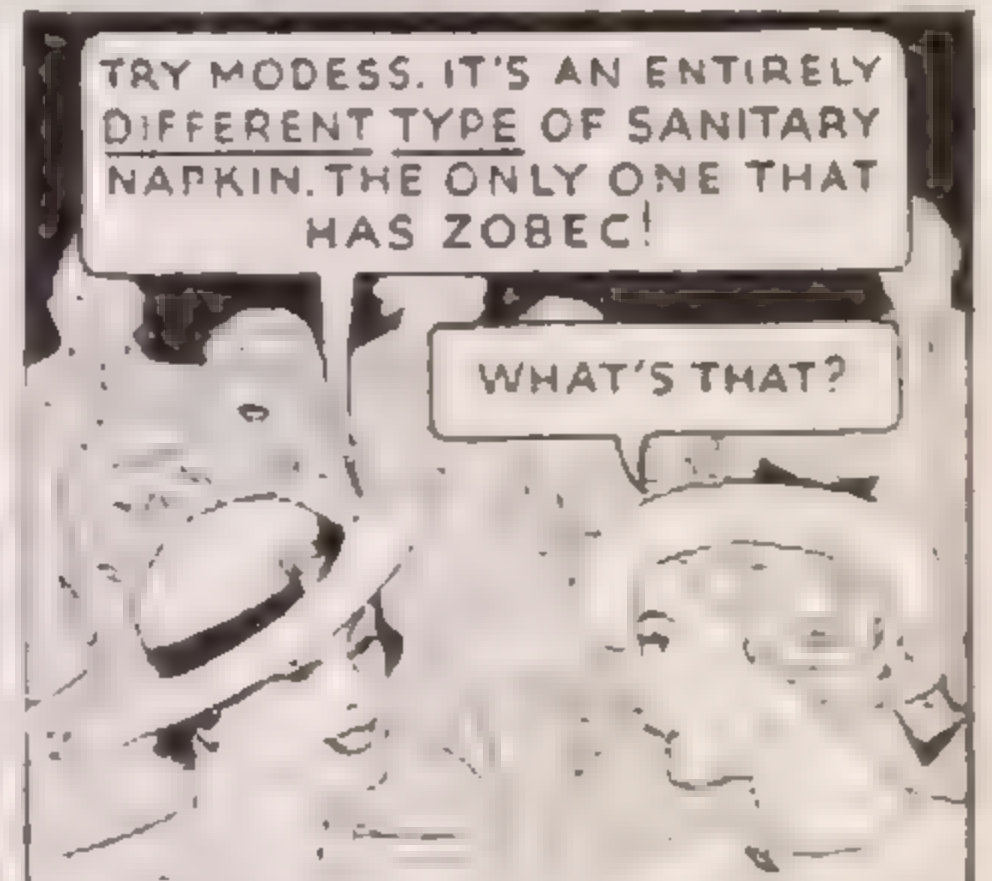
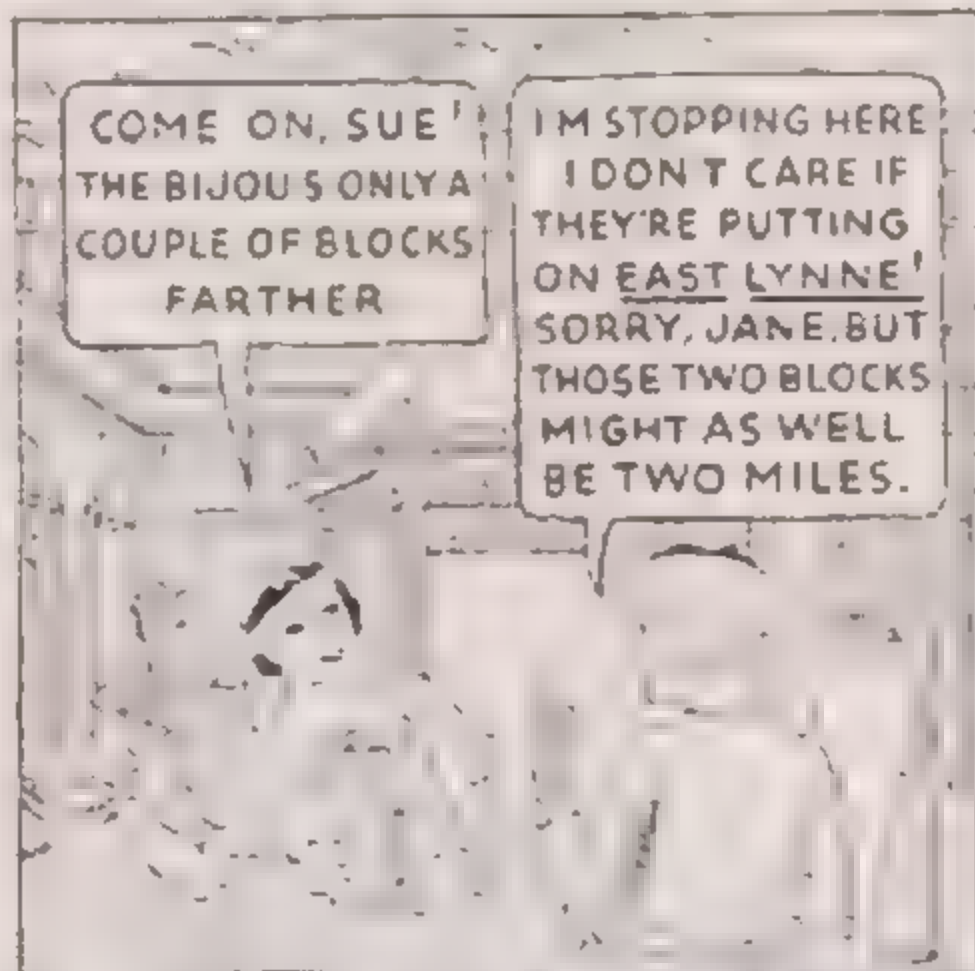
Cover the face, neck, shoulders and arms in cream. Cleanse the skin. After removing the cream apply a good bleach. They remember to choose your make-up with an eye to the change in your complexion. You will find that the tan appears, that powder with yellow tints is more becoming than the starkly yellow. A brighter lipstick and eye is more suitable. Mascara and eye make-up need not be changed. Eyes they say are every woman's best feature if you do all do everything to create them. Yet how many of us know what it will mean to have a pair of eyes that will make you a winner. It is the eyes that tell the story of your face and tell you just how to make eyes a beautiful asset.

In making yourself attractive remember that what you are within is a great deal to do with the beauty of your skin care and health. Right now you are really full of new vigor and energy. In hours spent in the open. Nature gives the summer with sun and fresh air the look to catch up on its rest. But winter is just around the corner, so begin right now to safeguard against the long months of work and emotional strain indoors. Prevent headaches of indigestion and skin troubles by keeping your system clean. Get enough sleep at night and do a daily dozen in the morning. Drink plenty of water and eat plenty of fruits. Above all, be sure you get lots and lots of vitamin D. Yeast is very rich in this. It helps to take care of the work of your liver and makes it simpler to do the internal system free of waste.

But, if it weren't for cosmetics and the life giving products most of us would have to curl up in our own private rooms and become old ladies at twenty-five as they did in former days. But now even grandmother is young and beautiful.

If you enjoyed the story "I'll Be Suing You," then you must read next month's story called "Alimony Blues."

There's good news going 'round ...has anyone told you?



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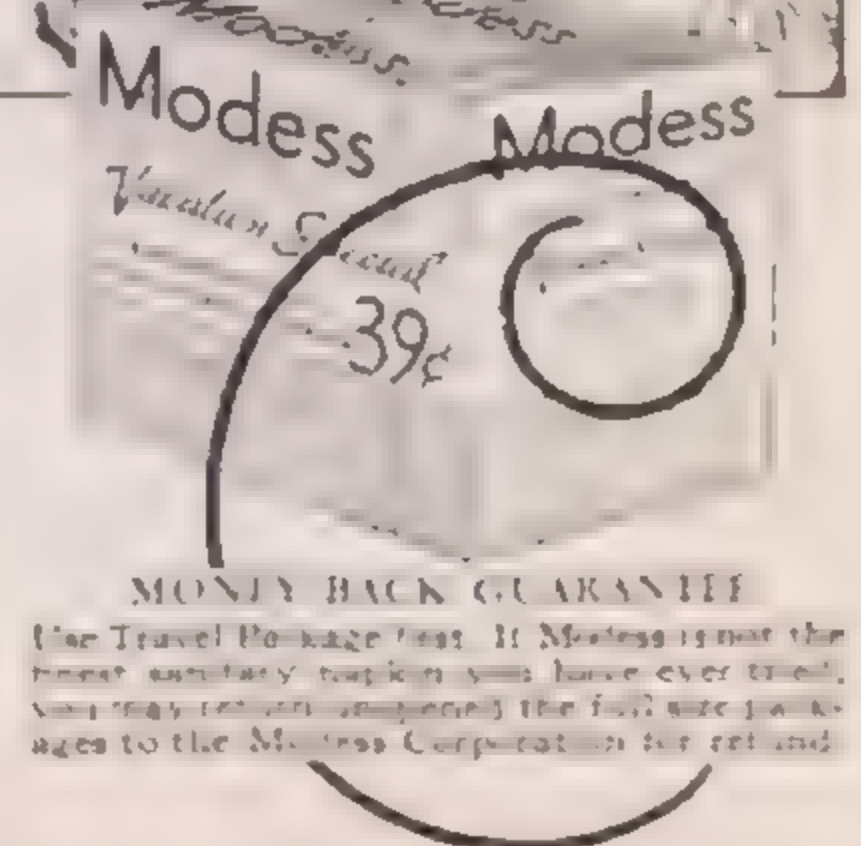
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You Have to Leave Home

(Continued from page 3)

my bringing my brothers here to practice? We've signed a new club engagements around town. We'll get up a track entertainment bureau and it could play our club dates with us, we'll give the air with you and help you all your time."

For days, while unattended customers fretted in front, the Laurel Trio's harmony floated through the sweet bakery air from the back room. Two weeks later, armed with a report of 17 seven songs, they knew three of them by heart, they approached the manager of WGBI.

"Glad to have you boys," he said. "He should have been—it's a price of \$5.00 an hour for the group. But then with a repertoire which made it necessary for them to repeat songs when they were on hour long broadcasts, what could they expect?"

They were happy to be on the air, of course, but they weren't satisfied. The fan mail made them sure they were worth more money than that. Even when the club engagements began to be more frequent, they were hardly wallowing in wealth. And something discouraging always seemed to happen.

On one occasion Dan has been approached by a club entertainment manager to find out how much they wanted for singing at a party.

"Is fifteen dollars apiece too much?" Dan asked timidly.

"No, that's fine," the manager said.

During the course of the evening, the manager approached White, who didn't know of the price agreed upon. "How much did you fellows say you wanted?" the manager asked.

"Oh," said White with all the casual confidence he could master, "I guess ten dollars apiece will be all right."

Total loss for the group, twenty dollars. But it was just that sort of thing that made the first glimmerings of their dream of going to New York and making a lot of money, burst into full brilliance.

THEY consulted their friends and families. To their surprise, the ones who had been most enthusiastic about their entertaining in Scranton now shook their heads most dubiously. Howard had a good bakery business. Carl was doing well as a milk tester and Dan was building up a good business as a painting contractor. Jack was still in high school. Why should they leave home for the risks of a city.

"But you've got to leave home," the boys argued, "if you want to get anywhere."

Their arguments fell on deaf ears. And in their turn, their spirited confidence drowned out all protests. Dan and Carl and Howard gave up their work. Jack left school. With \$400 in borrowed money, their sole financing, safely in Carl's pocket, they boarded the New York train. No feeling of doubt as to the wisdom of what they were doing disturbed their high spirits. That was to come later. So sure were they of success, so certain their time would be entirely occupied with entertaining, they made an agreement among themselves that the first to marry should forfeit

\$500 to the other three. They could all do the same to the remaining two.

They set their feet down in that battle-scarred, ill-fated New York room and began to think. What to do next? What does one do when one wants to get on the air and the radio knows no more?

"Why not see Vincent Lopez?" Howard suggested. "For Lopez was a busy man. Wouldn't he be too busy to see them?"

To their amazement, Lopez not only saw them, but was willing to listen to them. And when he said he liked their work, their spirits bubbled ecstatically.

"How much do you boys think you ought to get," Lopez asked them.

"We'd like \$250 a week for ten months," they asked shyly.

"I guess not," Lopez smiled. "The orchestra leader was playing at the Concord Plaza Hotel in New York and said he'd give the boys a tip up there."

THEIR hopes were boundless when their songs were applauded vigorously. But a day later came disheartening news.

"I'm awfully sorry boys," Lopez told them. "I thought I'd be able to use you, but I've had to change my plans. Sorry."

"But what are we going to do?" protested the boys.

"Why don't you go over to NBC? I'll see that you get an audition," Vincent promised.

"Say," whispered Carl, "suppose they ask us to sing more than three songs. We haven't got our music, and all we know by heart is 'Voom Voom' and 'Ice Cream' and 'Mississippi Mud'."

"Shh!" cautioned Howard. "We're going to start."

They sang "Mississippi Mud." The audition director asked for another. They sang "Voom Voom." They began to perspire. How long was this going to keep up? As they ended the final note of "Ice Cream," they looked despairingly at one another. If they were asked to sing one more they were sunk.

Even when the director said, "Oka, boys, that's enough," their relief was short-lived for with an air of finality he concluded, "I'll let you know when I can use you."

The boys were no fools. They knew that nine times out of ten this was a polite way of saying, "Sorry, can't use you at all."

Each hour forced them further toward the end of their rope. In a last frantic attempt to stave off the seemingly inevitable failure, they hurried about to booking offices, theatres and studios. The answer was always the same.

THEN of a sudden came a faint glimmer of hope. The National Broadcasting Company had informed them that they could be among a number of groups of singers to audition for the Lucky Strike hour. After their discouragements, they placed little faith in it, but it was chance and they had to take it.

When they saw the number of other singers outside the audition studio, they were aghast. And when they were told

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Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting—the most fascinating, glamorous, good-paying industry in the world? Do you want to earn good money—more than you ever dreamed possible before? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

For no matter where you live—no matter how old or how young you are—if you have talent—then here is a remarkable new way to realize your life's ambition. Broadcasting needs new talent—in fact, the demand far exceeds the available supply.

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Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict to what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers more opportunities for fame and success than perhaps any other industry in the world today.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today advertisers alone are spending more than a hundred million dollars for advertising over the air. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after over more than 600 stations—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

Many Earn Good Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

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they would have to sing "Varsity Drag." They started to leave. There were but fifteen minutes before the audition was to go on and they didn't know the song.

But Scrappy Lambert, the singer, stepped there. "Come on in this studio here," he commanded. "I'll teach you the song."

Despite the fact that Scrappy was competing with them in the audition, he generously went to work with them. They finished seconds before they were to go on.

The audition over, they waited long, awful minutes. Finally an NBC official approached them. "Well, boys," he said slowly, "you might as well go home now. You passed the audition."

Those fortunate ones who have been listening since the fall of 1928 know the rest of the story pretty well. You remember the enormous success of their "On the 815," the morning program which ran for two years. Since that first audition, there have been but three setbacks.

These setbacks consist of three marriages. Howard White was the first. When he married Madelyn Corrigan, a girl he had known in Kingston, Pennsylvania, he had to pay his \$500 to the three Landts. Dan Landt went next, marrying Lois Benson, a girl he had met while on vaudeville tour. He paid Jack and Carl. The third \$500 is being paid by Jack, the youngest of the Landts, to Carl, for as this is being written, he is about to marry Marion Bergeron, Miss America of 1933. Carl, counting the \$500 he has not yet had to pay, is still \$1,475.00 to the good—or bad, whichever way you want to look at it.

But of course these aren't really setbacks. Anyone who can afford to hand out \$500 just like that for the privilege of getting married, must have had some degree of success. And it remains as proof to the Landt Trio and White what they contended from the beginning.

If you want to get anywhere, you have to leave home."

Strange Tales of Strange Gifts

(Continued from page 8)

these children," he said. "They'll trail us through their cries."

They held a council. The blood-curdling and heart-rending decision was that every child should be put to death. By his own father.

"I won't do it," Mr. X shouted pitifully. "I won't kill my own child."

"You must," said the stern-faced leader of the group.

LIKE Abraham of old, the father took his little son by the hand and crept into the woods. The child looked at him trustingly. With quaking hands, the father picked up a stone. . . .

With all the children dead, the band of Greeks escaped safely to the border. Mr. X and his wife came to America, where they prospered. But this man's mind burned with the idea that he had murdered his own child.

Try to imagine, if you can, how you

A suitor's ever on my arm
when F.O. polishes my charm



F.O. polish does not crack or peel... is made in five lovely shades... retains its original charming color until removed...

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Send me FREE Regular Size RADIO GIRL Perfume and FREE Size RADIO GIRL Face Powder. I will enclose one cent or stamps for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.)

Name _____
Address _____

RADIO STARS

would feel if a rock clutched in your own hand had started out the brain of your child. Well Mr. X lived with thoughts like these for sixteen years.

In desperation he appealed to the Voice of Experience. The Voice of Experience told him there was nothing he could do now to bring back his dead son. Mr. X had not really committed a murder, for the motive decided the deed. Does a soldier who kills in battle consider himself a murderer, for a moment? Mr. X had merely done what his superiors ordered.

It took a good deal of persuasion to do the trick, but finally the Greek gentleman was convinced. In grateful appreciation he sent on this beautiful piece of art.

Jessie Dragonette has received hundreds of gifts. Shall proudly show you a hand-carved gronto with the Virgin Mary, made of yellow and pink and white candy roses, a girl fan sent to her. A dainty lace handkercher, yellow with age, which an old Southern lady had cherished since her wedding day and that she now sent for Jessie to wear on hers.

But I think she likes best of all this crude, wooden mestand. Because it represents a boy who was saved from a life of crime. It happened about six months ago.

Let's call this boy Tony. Tony was a victim of the depression, one of the forlorn brigade of roaming, penniless, hopeless boys who wander from state to state. He had drifted into Lebanon, Pennsylvania, with his buddies. Going into a restaurant he offered to wash dishes or scrub floors for a real meal.

Tony got the job with five dollars a week, meals and a pullet in the back of the store.

Tony began work on Monday. Came Friday night. Cops Service was on the air. Jessie Dragonette began to sing. The clatter of dishes died away. Tony stood there, a dripping plate in one hand, a towel in the other.

"Gee, it's beautiful," he breathed when she finished her song. He seemed preoccupied for the rest of the evening. Just before closing time he asked the boss for his wages. A bit shamefaced he was. He mumbled that he was restless, was hankering for New York and had better move on.

The next morning his buddies showed up. They seemed greatly excited that he had taken French leave, almost threatening. The proprietor never saw them again.

A FEW days later Jessie received a scribbled note on brown store paper. It was from Tony. He poured out his troubled heart. "I might as well come clean," he wrote. "Me and my buddies were going to rob the restaurant that Friday night when everyone was gone. My five bucks couldn't keep all of us. We were tired of floating around and thought once we'd get to New York we could all get something to do there."

"But I've always loved music since I was a shaver and, somehow, lady, when I heard you sing, I just couldn't go through with it. Maybe I was a sap."

But I couldn't get from the restaurant man after he'd seen a note to me. I was afraid of my buddies, though, so I crawled out. I'll never touch a gun and I'll keep straight now.

A while later Mrs. Dragonette received the mestand from Tony.

There is one gift that Gene and Gene's champion kiddie never kid about. It is a big, old-fashioned gold watch.

Mrs. Elsie Ferguson, of Maybee, Michigan, gave it to Gene. You see Mrs. Ferguson was ill when she first tried in on a Gene and Gene program. The doctors insisted she was physically wrong with her. It was just that she didn't want to live any longer. Her only son had been killed in an auto accident, and now she lay bed-ridden.

WHEN she first heard the program she couldn't believe her ears. Why, Gene sounded just like her dead son. It was as if he had come back to her. Fascinated, she followed the adventures of the pair daily. She lived for their skits. Finally she wrote Gene, timidly explaining just what his broadcasts meant to her. She told him that he was picturing him as her son, she hoped he didn't mind.

He didn't. On the contrary, he told her that if she were ever in Cleveland he'd be delighted to see her. Last year she came to Cleveland especially to see him. Her worried eyes caressed his face. As for Gene, he treated her as if she were really his mother. He took her to the studio where he was broadcasting, he showed her the sights of Cleveland. When she came back home she sent him the watch engraved "To My Hero."

Jewelry and neckties aren't the only gifts fans send their favorite performers. Some send cold cash. One fan sent Larry Ross a fifty-dollar bill anonymously which he turned over to county Bradley Kincaid, the Kentucky mountain singer, receives a five-dollar bill every month from an old lady of seventy years. She asks him to sing a certain song in acknowledgment of her letter.

This has been going on for years. Since she always signs her letters "A Listener," Kincaid doesn't know how to return the money. He's written repeatedly to the town post office but his notes always come back unperced.

A few months ago the money stopped coming suddenly. So did the old lady's letters. Kincaid thought perhaps she had tired of his songs. But last week a nice, long letter came with a twenty-dollar bill enclosed to make up for the time skipped. She said she had been very ill and could not write. On account of her illness, she was going to the hospital to undergo a serious operation. But Kincaid was not to worry about her. If he didn't hear from her for quite a while, he'd understand she couldn't write. In case she doesn't come back, she has left an envelope for him with her attorney, "with something that may come in handy some day, if you are ever up against it."

Watch next month's RADIO STARS for details about the five dresses to be given away. They are designed by Gladys Parker, famous New York clothier, and modeled for you by Annette Hanshaw, pretty NBC singer.

Mr. Dynamite Gets Married

(Continued from page 11)

So that's why, on January 20th, a car sped out of New York carrying Graham and Ann Lee and Lushie Joy, of the NBC staff, with his wife. They drove at break-neck speed to Elkton, Maryland, called the clippers' niece to use of the speed with which weddings are performed. There they snatched a license and were married. Their wedding supper was held in the only "open all night" lunch wagon in Elkton. And Graham and Ann Lee, sitting on the high stools munching hamburger and onion ring wouldn't have swapped that lunch wagon for New York's swaggiest supper room.

NOW his wife has a new place to sit as she sits. When he was in one place to another, he was a true speed news and sports event. He took Ann Lee with him. Recently he took her to Kentucky, where he was to be at the famous Derby. The assignment was a ripe plum. Even right out of the box.

But when he reached Kentucky and looked over the grounds he got a little panicky. A streamer flashed him that he might all down on the job. You see,

McNamee's fame is in announcing horse races on his intercontinental team. Well, he had announced so many horse races before that this Derby, a stunner as it was, was no longer new to him. All of its fascinating features were dated because he had seen them before. He was afraid, you see, that he might stand flat.

But Ann Lee, to be sure, was hopping with delight. She told him a hundred cautioning pointers that might even have a good effect on her husband. Graham answered her patiently at first, and then fell in with her eagerness. Before he realized it, he was running in with her fresh enthusiasm for the race. In a moment they were both talking and talking about the Derby and only then did McNamee really get the "feel" for the exciting race.

When he yelled excitedly into the mike, he spoke not as a horse race expert, but as a person full of technical details, but in a personal and thrilling way, as he might be explaining it to Ann Lee. And that's why Graham McNamee is one husband who really means it when he says of his bride: "She is my inspiration."

Uncle Answer Man Answers

(Continued from page 12)

A. He is not. At least that's what NBC in Chicago says. Can I help it if you won't take their word for it.

Q. How about Frank Munn?

A. No, he's kept his head so far. But there is a rumor that he's weakening—he's supposed to be engaged.

Q. We gotta know about Ted Fiorito.

A. Well, if you gotta know, you gotta know. At one time, he did spell it Fiorito, but it mixed up so many people he put it together and now he only mixes up half as many. He was born December 30, 1901, in Newark, N. J. and is of Italian descent. He was educated musically at the American and Chicago Conservatories of Music. You probably know some of the seventy-two song hits he's written. They include "Laugh Clown, Laugh," "King for a Day" and "Now That You've Gone." He is five feet six inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has black eyes and hair. He likes Italian cooking—naturally. As for the opposite sex, he likes jolly, interesting women. But he's not married. Nor is he engaged. He's divorced.

Q. Are Billy and Florence Halop, the juvenile actors, related?

A. Distantly. They're brother and sister.

Q. If you please, kind sir, give us the names of the Commodores Quartet which sings with Gene Arnold.

A. Right. Reading from top to bottom: Cyril Pitts and Thomas Muir, tenors; Herman F. Larson, baritone; Reinhold

Schmidt, bass, and Robert Stewart Childe, accompanist.

Q. H. de la Uncle, tell us the story about Cab Calloway.

A. He de ho, nephews and nieces, here you are. The story didn't drop him down the chimney that day in Rochester, N. Y. It was Santa Claus, the day being December 25th, 1907. He has three sisters, Blanche, Bernice and Camilla, and two brothers, Elmer and John. It was one of those sisters, Blanche, a professional singer, who trained him. Before his band went on the air from the Cotton Club in New York's Harlem, he appeared in vaudeville and musical comedies in the middle west. He is five feet eight inches tall, and weighs 163 pounds. His eyes are brown and hair is black. He prefers spicy foods and Italian cooking. He is married.

Q. You say in the April issue that Don Ameche is *not* married. He is.

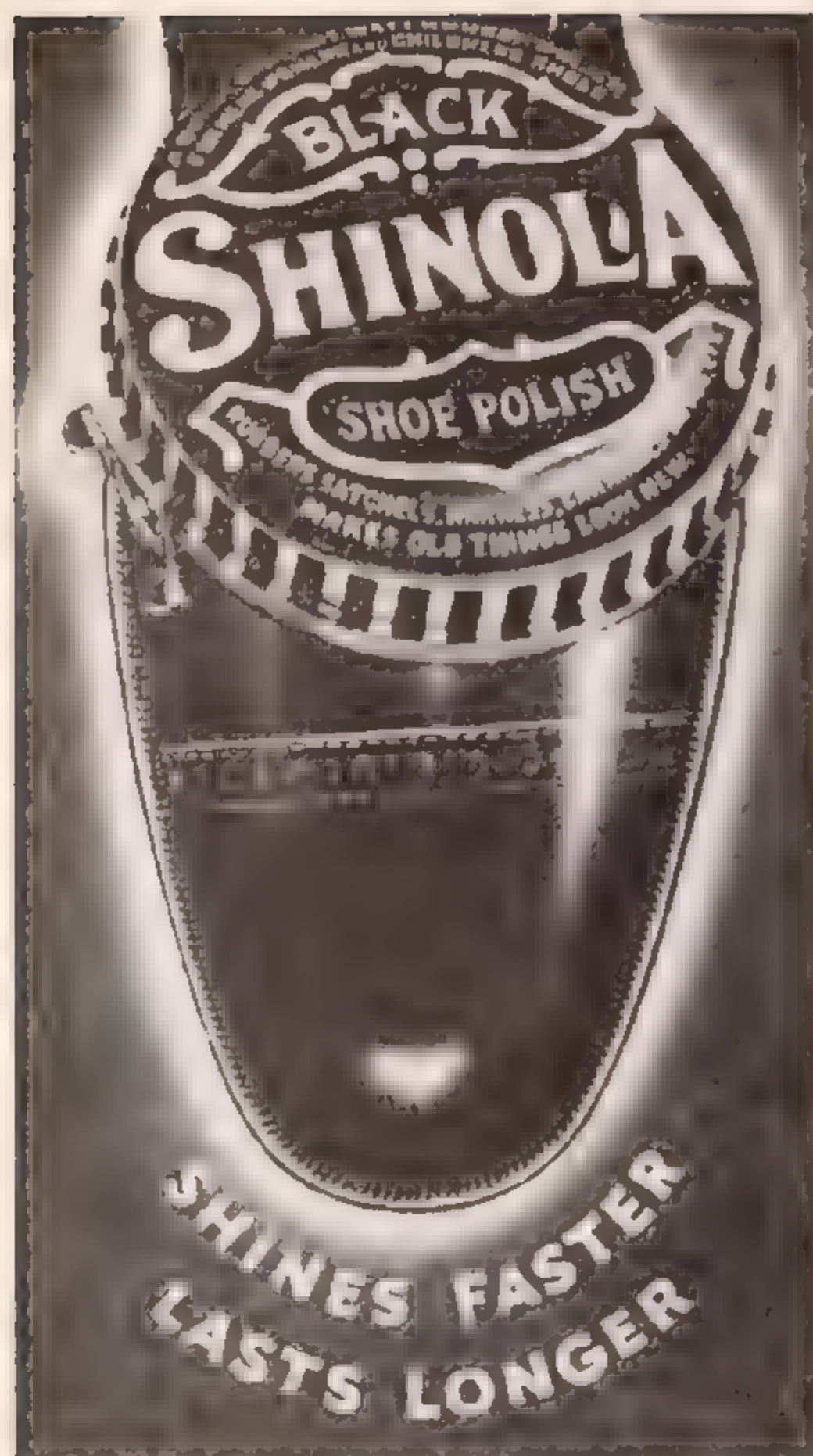
A. Who said so?

Q. You did.

A. Oh, no, we didn't. We said "etc." Of course he's married.

Q. Isn't it time you explained that "Show Boat" situation again?

A. Omigosh, that is right. I haven't explained it for three months. Lanny Ross and Mary Lou are not in love. The cast does not wear costumes. They do not learn their parts by heart. The broadcast is not done from a real showboat, but from a New York studio. In fact, nothing seems to be sacred any more. But you asked for it. Now see if you can take it.



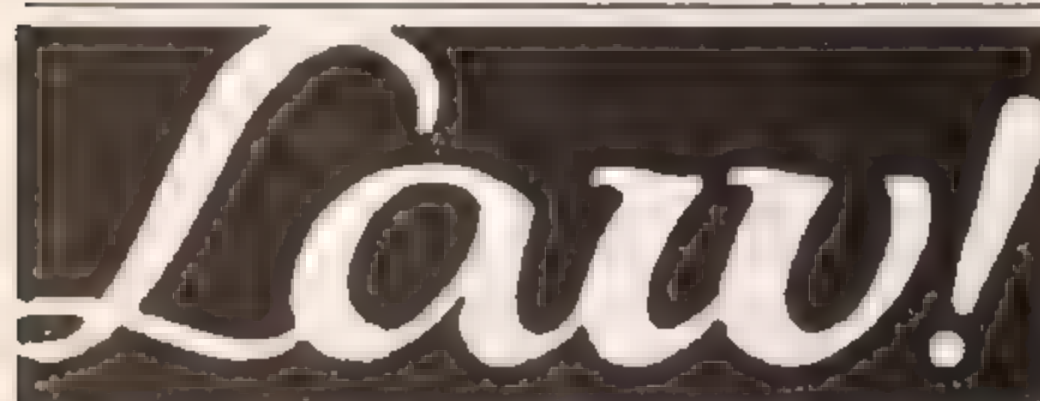
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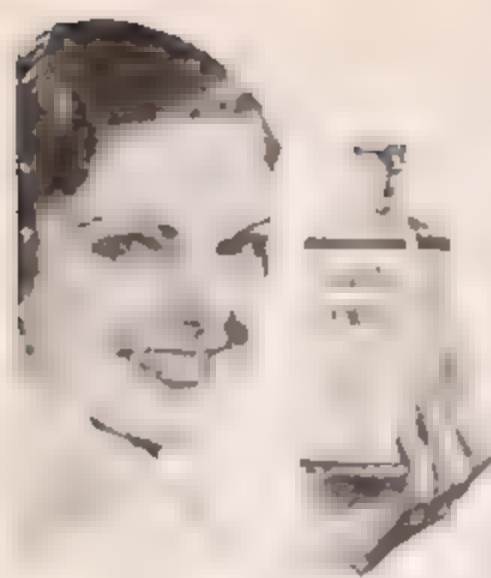


Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 72 Chicago.



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Ralph Kirbery, baritone, is "The Dream Singer" of NBC.

Lost—A Woman's Love

guests were happy, none but none bottles.

The party was going home, and with Joe. He never realized how much his wife hated it. I don't think he today. Married twenty years, but he had a lot of people who had not yet had her. She was a beautiful woman, and she was the best of the world.

Professor Pickens was at the party. He was at the party. Mrs. Cook's daughter. She wanted to go to the party. She was a beautiful woman, and she was the best of the world.

TILL the day before the party, she told him that unless he stopped making his house a public institution, she would have to leave. He gave her his word it would stop. And deep down in his heart he meant to keep that promise. Can you ask I don't go to stop flying? Or keep the house from being home run? Well, you couldn't stop the Cook from giving parties.

With the children away at school, she decided that the break was permanent. She left the house, and never to return. Disinterested buyers arranged for a lastly dinner. He was given custody of the children. He couldn't quite picture his beloved wife's mother. The night after the judge handed down the decree, Joe called his children into the library. The open fire lit their anxious faces.

"Your mother is not dead. She has gone away. I want you children to remember one thing. If you want to go to the party, you must go to the party."

newly and sure of me, and I'll be there."

The party was going home, and with Joe. He never realized how much his wife hated it. I don't think he today. Married twenty years, but he had a lot of people who had not yet had her. She was a beautiful woman, and she was the best of the world.

He'll never forget that first night of broadcasting. After the performance, he went to the National Broadcasting Company's expense studio, half hoping to meet his wife. He asked everyone from the local press agents to busy page boys in the local school. The answer was always the same.

I'd like to give his story a happy ending, but I can't. I'm writing facts, not a romance.

Mr. Cook married happily. Joe's marriage, however, was his new work. As for the old, empty, Sleepless Hollow—it still stands. It's a lonely place, even with parties going on. When the crowd has gone and quiet steals over the place, it's a lonely place. You know what I mean? You admire it, and get lost in it. It gave happiness. It took some pain.

I wonder if the little boy who stood so helplessly on a stick wire so many years ago, and dreamt of its being, isn't really still, he aspired to such dizzy heights! Joe's love has not been the same.

I Tried to See a Broadcast

can, however, offer you a guided tour through our studios. The charge for this service is forty cents. Tours may be made any day in the year from nine o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock in the evening.

Do you think they would let me see the Chase & Sanborn program if I made the tour at 8:00 o'clock P. M. on Sunday night?

Very truly yours,
STANLEY NELSON.

May 13, 1934

Mr. Stanley Nelson,
Cedarhurst, L. I.
Dear Mr. Nelson:

I don't know whether or not you would get into a broadcast if you took the tour at the time you say. Why not communicate with the NBC? Incidentally, if you were to mention two or three programs you wish to visit, instead of limiting your choice to one, you might have a better chance of getting tickets. Another thought is that a letter to the sponsor of a pro-

gram might bring a more prompt reply than would a letter to the station.

Very truly yours,
CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor

May 20, 1934

Mr. Curtis Mitchell, Editor
Radio Stars
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Mitchell:

Since getting your letter I have written to the National Broadcasting Company asking them to send me two tickets to Walter Winchell, Rudy Vallee or the Lady Next Door, and I have written to Pepsodent whose address I got out of an advt in a magazine asking for two tickets to the Goldbergs, and to Mr. Ford in Detroit asking to let me see Fred Waring and to the Columbia Broadcasting System for Edwin C. Hill or Burns and Gracie Allen and to The Fire Chief and to Buck Rogers also asking for two tickets.

Well, Mr. Mitchell, the National Broad-

(Continued on page 90)

Look Years Younger
NEW BEAUTY QUICK
END WRINKLES
FREE AGE LINES
GIFT
 If You Send Quick

Amazing Results Overnight

Use amazing discovery, SEM-PRAY (creme tonight). Improved appearance by morning without harshness, freckles, clear, white, softens, freshens, youthifies. Ends even wrinkles, age-lines. Reduces large pores. Finest skin tissues without tanning. **No More Wrinkles**

A marvelous discovery of rare Eastern youthfulness and beautifiers combined by secret process never used in other creams. Astonishing even skin specialists. **3 minutes a day takes wrinkles away.** In dignity oval container with push-up bottom. Fingers needn't touch. Fits snugly in handbag. Gives many beauty treatments a day or whenever skin needs freshening. Wonderful foundation cream, too. Large economical size 60c at drug or department stores. Smaller size at 10c stores. Or mail order.

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Send 10c for 7-day package Sem-Pray Creme. Will include introductory packets Sem-Pray Face Powder and Rouge **FREE**

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 Dept. 210, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and sample lesson pages.

Name _____
 City _____ State _____ Age _____

I Tried to See a Broadcast

(Continued from page 54)

casting Company wrote to me and said, "Your request for broadcast tickets has been received and we regret that we are unable to accommodate you. The next broadcast ticket is limited solely to urgent business requirements. Although our facilities are modern and sufficiently spacious for effective broadcasting it is impossible to provide accommodations for the many thousands of interested listeners who request admission each week. We have inaugurated a tour of our operating facilities here in Radio City for those interested in seeing the more intimate details of radio broadcasting. We are pleased to enclose a descriptive folder."

So I looked at the folder and in the middle of it there is a picture of the biggest broadcast studio in the world and seats over 12 hundred people. And on the back of this folder it says that it costs you 40c to see all the places they tell you about in the folder, which I am enclosing for you. So I wrote to them and said, "I can not understand why I can not get two tickets for a broadcast. Your letter says that the tickets are limited to urgent business requirements. The folder says your big studio seats 12 hundred people and it seems to me when a broadcast has been on the air for many months the business requirements should have been taken care of and you should be able to spare two tickets for me. I also see that it costs 40c to go through Radio City but it does not say that you see a broadcast too. I would be willing to pay the 40c each and I could see the Goldbergs or Jimmy Durante so please send me the two tickets for them and I will send you the 80c."

The Pepsodent Co., who put on the Goldbergs, said: "Thank you very much for your kind letter telling us of your interest in our radio program The Goldbergs. We can assure you that it is a pleasure for The Pepsodent Company to be able to present a feature of such entertaining merits. We are very sorry but it will be impossible for us to grant you permission to visit the studio at the time of the Goldberg family broadcast. The program is presented in a small studio at the New York offices of the National Broadcasting Company and no one is permitted in the studio at the time. We appreciate your courtesy and interest in writing and hope this clever feature will continue to be a source of pleasure to you."

The Cocomalt people wrote me "The staff of the Buck Rogers radio presentation has made a definite ruling that will not permit a studio audience. As you know the Buck Rogers adventures are supposed to take place in the 25th Century. The program is built entirely on the imagination. You can appreciate that the illusion of the program would be destroyed if a studio audience were permitted. Buck Rogers of course is pleased to hear that you greatly enjoy his program. He promises that he will do his utmost to give you the maximum entertainment during the future broadcasts."

But some guys I never even wrote to, the Luggitt & McLean Tobacco Co., do and send me two tickets for the Chevrolet program on Saturday night at 119 West 44th Street. They write me as kind of funny, because that is not where the Columbia Broadcasting System is but I guess I will go sometime. That address don't sound right and I think maybe it is a gag of some sort and I'm a gag I think you ought to know about it.

Very truly yours,
 STANLEY NELSON

May 27, 1934

Mr. Curtis Mitchell, Editor
 Radio Stars
 149 Madison Ave.,
 New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Mitchell:

Well, it was too late for it to be. I have seen a broadcast, but I still can not get into a radio station. This broadcast was in a theater which has been remodeled and does not look like a broadcast station like I see them in the magazines.

I got to the Columbia Radio Playhouse about a half an hour early at 8:30 P. M. and it was already more than half full. By the time it started the place was full of people and most of them were pretty noisy so I am glad I got there early and got a good seat.

Well, first a guy came out in front of the orchestra which was on the stage and not where the orchestra ought to be and I knew right away it was Andre Kostelanetz because everybody around me said "Oh, look, that is Andre Kostelanetz."

And then out came a big blonde in a black evening dress and he was not a bad looking guy. And everybody said "Oh, look, that is Grete Stuckgold," so I knew who that was.

Well, I am still anxious to go to a real radio studio. I guess I will try again.

Very truly yours,
 STANLEY NELSON

June 1, 1934

Mr. Curtis Mitchell, Editor
 Radio Stars
 149 Madison Ave.,
 New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Mitchell:

I am very much disappointed because it does not look as though it is possible for an ordinary person ever to get into Radio City to see a broadcast.

Here is another letter I got from the National Broadcasting Company. It says, "We are in receipt of your letter of May 25th and wish to advise that the guided tour of our studios does not include an entire broadcast. However, during the course of the tour you will doubtless see a broadcast going over the air for a few moments, or a rehearsal of one of the commercials. However, we cannot guarantee that this will be the case. We sincerely regret that it is not possible to take care of all our interested listeners in the

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AT LITTLE COST

You can easily learn to design and make glamorous gowns like those of your favorite film star at a fraction of their cost. You may acquire the charm that such alluring gowns give to the wearer. You can save more clothes, and dress more smartly, at less expense.

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With the aid of leading Fashion Creators of Motion Picture Studios, and Screen Star themselves, this 10 year old college will teach you Professional Costume Designing, in your spare time at home by its easy to learn method—and prepare you for high-salaried position. Free placement service for students; graduates in demand. Woodbury College, Hollywood, Calif.

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WOODBURY COLLEGE, Dept. 13-K, Hollywood, Calif.
Send me FREE your new book, "Designing Hollywood Fashions," and full particulars of your home study course in Costume Designing. My age is _____
(No student under 16 years accepted)

Miss—Mrs _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Little Man, What Next!

(Continued from page 8)

and filling cavities and his nights in law suits. When the ship let him go, he turned to elevator running, landing back, working night mail order house. Presently, with a dentist's shop in tucked under his arm, he returned to his old home in Bayonne, New Jersey, to practice. Thirteen years passed. During those thirteen years, many things happened. He married, for instance, and fathered a baby blonde-haired girl. He studied law, going to school in the morning and practicing dentistry afternoons and evenings.

DURING that thirteen years he had a second graduation day—and named himself a consultant which involved medical and legal cases. With two careers safely tucked under his belt, you would think that any ordinary man would be content to race the future with no more than dreams of an estate or a yacht, or journeys abroad. But Bill Bacher has never been called an ordinary man. He discovered radio one night when he heard a program which was so neat that he set out to prove that he could write a better one. In twenty-four hours he stormed the doors of one of radio's high executives, announcing that he could produce as good shows as were on the air. It takes self-confidence to do a thing like that. It takes a certain sort of disregard of other men's opinions—plus a lot of ability with which to prove your worth. There is something about Bill Bacher when he stands before you that is impressive. Somewhat shorter than medium height, unusually thin, with a shock of hair that flares to the sky, you know that he is a positive personality. His positiveness must have impressed that important radio executive, because Bill was given a chance.

The executive wanted a sketch for a children's hour, dramatizing some well-known fable. That was on Monday. On Tuesday, Bill was back with his radio script.

To shorten a long story, Bill went out of that office with a check for one hundred dollars, and with an order to write six more of the series. And that was the beginning of his career as a creator of radio shows, and the end of his dentistry and law. Perhaps you remember that series several years ago when the National Dairy Company presented dramatized trials which never took place. Here Napoleon and Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr were tried. Clarence Darrow, Dudley Field Malone and other famous attorneys were counsel. Bill Bacher wrote those programs.

Now exactly what does a radio writer and director have to do?

First of all, there are lines to be written, words to be put into the mouths of the characters he has created. After the original script is completed there must be conferences in which the musical director must fit his part of the program to Mr. Bacher's demands. And then there are conferences with actors. In these, the entire cast is assembled. Seated in a long

row of chairs, each with a full list of their lines, they are in a class, the actors, that we hear in the "Show Boat" program, through their lines, placing on the words their own interpretation.

Quite often they are wrong, you know. Only an author understands just what he means to say. Only Bill Bacher, listening to them as they read, knows whether or not their interpretation is right. If it fails to convey the proper significance either he changes it or instructs the actors just how their words must sound. Only when the cast has been drilled until it is better perfect are Mr. Bacher's duties in that direction completed. And then there must be conferences with the sound effects men. In the "Show Boat" program and in the "Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre" presentations, many sound effects are evoked to secure a feeling of time and place. Quite often there are crowd noises. These crowd noises come from a mob of actors who are hired by Bill Bacher to cluster around a mike. Test you think it is an easy accomplishment, a crowd noise is not a spontaneous thing except when heard in the raw. A crowd's noise when made in the studio must be carefully drilled; the voices must blend and not one may stand out so that its words acquire unimportant importance. All of which means more rehearsals for Mr. Bacher and his cast.

Sometimes the sound engineers can't provide exactly the noise he wants for a certain situation. In this event, Bill Bacher and the engineers confer and experiment. They have endless rows of trunks and trays and little machines with which to achieve their microphonic results. Sometimes it takes two or three hours to get what they seek. But in the end, what you hear on the air is what Bill Bacher decrees is right for you to hear on the air.

If ever you are fortunate enough to visit Radio City during a "Show Boat" broadcast, or during a presentation of the "Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre," you will find him mounted on a platform a few feet removed from the orchestra director. Bill Bacher stands before his crew of actors, and out acts them all. Never saying a word, never allowing his own voice to go out of the room, but throwing his personality into the voices and inflections of those about him he nevertheless colors every single syllable that enters the mike.

I hope sometime you have the luck to see him. In looks, he is a combination of Bernarr Macfadden, Percy Grainger and Harpo Marx. His jaws move endlessly and bets have been laid that he can chew gum against Will Rogers. Always his arms beat a delirious tempo, bringing actors up to the mike, sending them back creating thunder and wind and lightning, and mixing them all like a master painter until the finished product is the thing of beauty that you hear.

Decidedly, Bill Bacher is no ordinary man.

Kilocycle Quiz

(Continued from page 9)

Here are the answers to the Kilocycle Quiz questions on page 9. Were you able to answer them all in five minutes?

1. Casa Loma.
2. Bing Crosby.
3. Charles Winninger.
4. William S. Paley.
5. No.
6. Annette Hanshaw.
7. David Ross.
8. Yes.
9. 42,540,000.

10. No.
11. RCA Building, Radio City, New York City.
12. 43.
13. Grape Nuts.
14. Columbia Broadcasting System.
15. Columbia announcer.
16. Yes.
17. Joy Lynn.
18. In Hollywood.
19. Jack Benny.
20. James Wallington.

The August issue of RADIO STARS made the statement that "Play, Fiddle, Play" was not written by Emery Deutsch. The information was given this magazine by a

source considered authoritative, but we have just learned that Mr. Deutsch did write the composition. We are glad to make this correction.

Mrs. President

(Continued from page 21)

and she is still interested, but has time now only for long range supervision.

HER interest in education caused her to start the magazine with the rather absurd title "Just Babies," but it was a good magazine. Up near her home on the Hudson she observed that the farmer ads just sat around in the winter twiddling. Watch was bad for their thumbs, their home and their morale. She and friends decided to find work for them and, about ten years ago, long before Henry Ford stumbled on the idea, they brought a factory to the Hyde Park farm by founding the Val-Kill Furniture Factory. Experts taught the hands how to make colonial furniture in the way the colonial craftsmen did, every inch by hand.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a member of at least a dozen different organizations, a great

many of them peace groups. Her membership dates back long before the election of her husband to his high office. When her husband fell ill years ago she went into the National League of Women Voters hammer and tongs for she saw a possibility of his lapsing into the state of a chronic invalid unless she could muster into her home the live and active men and women who were doing things in the world of politics. She succeeded. The Hyde Park table remained a place of animation despite F. D.'s illness. It kept him alive.

But the real reason she steams about the country is one which your ordinary common sense can explain. Out of your own experience you know that the recommendation of a show given by a friend means far more to you than all the fine

(Continued on page 100)

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 95)

SATURDAYS (Continued)

- 6:30 EDT (14)—Football Talk. (Shell Oil.) (For stations see Thursday.)
- 6:30 EDT (14)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
- 7:15 EDT (14)—Flying with Captain Al Williams. WIZ and an NBC blue network. (Station list unavailable.)
- 8:00 EDT (14)—Morton Downey's Studio Party. Henry Busse's orchestra. Guest artists.
- | | | | |
|-----------|------|------|------|
| WABC-WABC | WADC | WOKO | WCAO |
| WNAZ | WGR | CKLW | WDRG |
| WNAU | WJAS | WEAN | KMON |
| WFL | WSD | WISV | WQAM |
| WDAE | KDB | WGST | WBRC |
| WHP | WDOD | KVOR | WBNS |
| KIZ | WLBW | KTRH | WGLO |
| KIRA | WEEA | WREC | WISN |
| WSPA | CKAC | WLAC | WDSU |
| WVBC | WDRJ | WHEC | KSL |
| WPC | KSCJ | WSBT | WMAZ |
| WAO | WMT | WWVA | KFH |
| WBC | WBBM | WHP | WOWO |
| WLEZ | | | |
- (Network especially subject to change.)

- 9:00 EDT (1)—Jamboree. Variety show with Don McNeill, master of ceremonies. Harold Stokes Orchestra; The Hooftinghams, comedy team; King's Jesters; Morin Sisters; Mary Steele, soprano; Edward Davies, baritone. WIZ and an NBC blue network. (Station list unavailable.)
- 10:00 EDT (14)—Fifteen minutes on the cuckoo clock. Ray Knight and his ga-ga gang. (A-C Spark Plugs.) WEAZ, WTH, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WASH, WFI, WBBR, WRC, WLY, WBBN, WCAE, WIAM, WWJ, WIAW, WBBF, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WJW, WOC, WDAF, CROT, CECE, WIMI, KSTD, WPRG, WDAY, WRVA, WBN, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMR, WSOB, WKY, KTHS, WCAP, KPRC, WCAI, KOA, KDYL, KGH, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAZ.
- 10:30 EDT (1)—National Barn Dance. Rural Revelry. (Dr. Miles Laboratories.) WJZ, WRAI, WMAZ, WLW, WBZ, WLZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WLS, KWAR, KSO, KWK, WRN, KOL, WGAR, KOA, KFI, KDYL, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

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hifalutin' words of professional critics. White House dwellers are human beings and Mr. Roosevelt, naturally listens more attentively to his wife than to the reports of experts who surround him. She has a knack of finding out what people are thinking and has the ability to tell it to him in a way that produces results.

THE newspapers kidded her a great deal when she visited the West Virginia mining region, but out of that visit has come the various home subsistence projects, the home owning plan, and the President's vigorous relief action. He acted swiftly to roll up the red tape in order to bring relief directly to the people who needed it.

In the course of a speech delivered shortly after her return from this trip she told the following story: "I could not but think of the mother I had seen a few weeks before whose child had died. It had died because it had slept on a cold wet bed. It had slept on that kind of bed because there were no panes in the windows and the rain came in. They lived in that sort of place because a few days before they had been evicted from the home they could no longer keep with the father out of work. When the sheriff came to evict them she had pleaded with him to let them stay until her baby was better. But he had replied: 'I ain't here to nurse your goddam kid!'"

Yes, she said the naughty word. It was a speech which drew tears from a national gathering of relief workers accustomed to recitals of suffering. It was also instrumental in speeding up projects which brought material relief to those who were most sadly in need.

The friendship between her husband and herself goes back to childhood. They were both Roosevelts, sixth cousins, she the daughter of Elliott Roosevelt, born October 11, 1884. They met at the White House and they met at Oyster Bay when T. R. was alive—to her always Uncle Ted. And they met at Hyde Park and they met abroad. She was educated principally by private tutors, but later she attended the school of Madame Souvestre, a Frenchwoman, in England.

Both of them had in common a desire to do something for the good of the people. And both, born with the inexhaustible Roosevelt energy were moved to do something about the achievement of the aim, in spite of their wealth. Both were liberals and idealists, enamored of their age. Both had a love of the sea and of ships. They had definite ideas on marriage. In short, they had a great deal in common. They fell in love, were married March 17, 1905, Uncle Ted giving the bride away.

WHEN her son Elliott and his wife decided to get a divorce, it was Mrs. Roosevelt, his mother, who made the announcement. But not until she had flown to California to talk it over with her son! Another White House occupant, fearful of public opinion, might have bullied them into remaining together. But the President's wife is a woman of convictions. She feels that two people who cannot live happily together should separate.

Despite the variety and complexity of her outside interests Mrs. Roosevelt knows the job of housekeeping. Until she came to the White House she was her own housekeeper, managing ten servants, supervising expenditures, making menus, and attending to all the other details. To teach her children how to run a house she had a cottage erected at a remote corner of the Krum Elbow Estate, where they did all the work, unaided by servants who were not even allowed near the place.

The hospitality of the Roosevelts in their Hyde Park home has always been Southern in its lavishness. Mrs. Roosevelt once said that it is easier to set the table with extra plates for possible guests than to bother putting them on if and when they arrive. Since coming to Washington she has reduced the cost of White House housekeeping twenty-five per cent, yet the Roosevelts do more entertaining than any of the other families who have lived there. Guests come for breakfast, for dinner, for luncheon and for tea. Ramsay MacDonald will always remember the scrambled eggs Mrs. Roosevelt cooked one night after a late conversation when all the servants were in bed.

MRS. ROOSEVELT has written voluminously for the magazines and newspaper syndicates since entering the White House. She has also delivered a great many radio addresses and at this moment is preparing to deliver an entirely new series. For all of these things she has been paid. But she has in no instance kept the money for herself. The money for her current broadcasts, I happen to know, she will not even see. The \$3,000 she gets for each broadcast goes directly to the Friends' Service Committee, a group which has done what will one day be described as the most remarkable social welfare job of the depression. This committee has devoted itself to the rehabilitation of men and women broken by the unemployment, poverty, financial reverses, and other ravages produced by the crisis.

The money received for other of her activities have passed through her hands to a designated cause or charity with equal celebrity. She told Senator Schall, of Minnesota, who rather resented her earning this money, that she accepted money for her writing in order to play fair with all publications. When he questioned her about her other earnings she told him that neither the Todhunter School nor the Val-Kill Factory had ever earned enough to pay an income tax, that she had invested in both of them far more than she had ever withdrawn.

Senator Schall is not alone in his fault-finding and each day a certain portion of the mail contains criticism of the activity of the President's wife. Part of it is the result of an innate conservatism which would make of her a queen, gilded and almighty; part of it—and this part is going fast—is the suspicion that she was hindering the President in his work by all her semi-commercial activity. Well, she isn't. This you can have on the highest authority. She is the greatest help a White House occupant ever had.

Washington abounds with stories of her generosity and goodness. There is the story of the little girl she had noticed in her travels, who was threatened with blindness because of a cataract on her eye. Mrs. Roosevelt stood the expense of an operation.

In the West Virginia mud a miner's wife spoke dreamily of possessing an electric mixer some day. The expression in her eyes and the tone of her voice was such that the President's wife remembered and sent her one.

A mother wrote her that she was worried about her son in a C. C. C. camp. Mrs. Roosevelt found out for her, at great effort, that her son was all right.

THESE are the stories, and there are hundreds more. Wherever she goes, she finds things of this sort to do. The newspaper-women who went to the West Indies with her marveled at her goodness. She walked through slimy, malodorous alleys, into home after home, talking at length and in detail with the occupants, showing a sympathy and understanding beyond comparison. One woman said that when Mrs. Roosevelt found no human beings around to cherish, she gave her attention to the battered dogs that whimpered in boney hunger on the streets.

The reporters marveled most at her energy. She could walk all day, talk all afternoon and then fly a hundred miles to preside at a conference where she would deliver the principal address. When the guests had departed she would attend to a correspondence of several hundred letters before retiring. This is not a fragment of mythology, it is a fact vouched for by all who have known her.

For all her drive and devotion to the public interest, she is the simplest, most modest and least self conscious First Lady the country has ever known. Most of the adverse criticism she has received is the result of her effort to be agreeable to those hard working men and women who report and photograph the news of the day. Mrs. Roosevelt, asked to pause and pose, pauses because she thinks—*poor devil, it's his job!* Out of her consideration has come the avalanche of publicity she has received.

Her habit of visiting places afoot, walking about unescorted, driving her own car without guards, and the other unconventional things she does, are all the result of a simplicity which will not be spoiled. She insists on regarding herself as an ordinary individual and acts accordingly. She is glad that her position in the White House enables her to earn large checks because the causes she is interested in are good ones and they need large checks.

Mrs. Roosevelt will continue to be the country's greatest woman traveler, just as she will continue to do everything possible to make world peace possible, lessen the suffering of mothers and children, give ambitious youth greater opportunity and fight suffering and oppression wherever encountered.

The country is just beginning to settle down to having a remarkable woman in the White House. The wife of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

What would you do if you were childless and had the opportunity to adopt a baby? That's the question facing many of our radio artists. RADIO STARS will answer it next month in a story called "Shall I Adopt a Baby?"

Cleopatra

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BUT RULED BY LOVE**



**15 Complete Stories
in this issue**

MARK ANTHONY could not see beyond her eyes. He could not think beyond her mouth. When she stepped towards him . . . closer, ever closer . . . her heart beat against his and the beat of both quickened.

His arms went about her with a strong tenderness. He would lower his lean head and breathe the perfume of her hair and when his lips found hers his intoxication was not from the wine he had drunk.

Mark Anthony's love for Cleopatra was just a small part of this woman's scheme to rule the Empire of the Romans. But though her will was strong her heart was only that of a woman's. Cleopatra, the Queen of all Egypt, fell in love . . . with a man.

Paramount's thrilling love story, "Cleopatra," appears complete in the October issue of **SCREEN ROMANCES** along with fourteen other fictionizations adapted from the leading productions of the month.

CLEOPATRA with Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Henry Wilcoxon; CHAINED with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Otto Kruger; AGE OF INNOCENCE with Irene Dunne, John Boles; SHE LOVES ME NOT with Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins; ONE MORE RIVER with Diana Wynyard and Frank Lawton; JANE EYRE with Virginia Bruce and Colin Clive; HIDEOUT with Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan; HOUSEWIFE with Bette Davis, George Brent, Ann Dvorak; ONE NIGHT OF LOVE with Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati; SHOCK with Ralph Forbes, Monroe Owsley, Gwenillian Lee; A HAT, A COAT, A GLOVE with Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Robbins, Dorothy Burgess; NO RANSOM with Leila Hyams, Jack LaRue; DRAGON MURDER CASE with Warren William, Margaret Lindsay; SCARLET LETTER with Colleen Moore, Hardie Albright; LADIES SHOULD LISTEN with Cary Grant, Helen Mack.

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Radio Stars

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